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The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S message has disappointed neither his friends nor his enemies. The former can point out that it is clear, straightforward, and courageous in that it advocates some things which are not popular with the conservative leaders of the Republican party. Hostile critics will argue, and correctly, that on the whole it outlines a program intended only to maintain the status quo, and that if a balance be struck its reactionary passages outweigh its progressive proposals, although the President has obviously attempted to conciliate middle western liberalism as far as he could. On the whole, both friend and foe must agree, it is a well written and intelligent document. It has, undoubtedly, increased the President's already commanding position in the fight for the Republican nomination. A popular catch phrase has at once been made of his remark that we should not have "war taxes in peace times"—a statement which, applied to the excess profits tax, is certainly false, that form of impost being quite as desirable under normal as abnormal conditions.

A PRESIDENT'S message, delivered to a Congress divided as is the present one, becomes no more than the expression of a job-lot of pious hopes. Some of the things Mr. Coolidge urges he knows he cannot see accomplished, and others have only a slim fighting chance. As a matter of record, however, it is worth noting that he favors tax reduction, American participation in the World Court, the abolition of tax-exempt securities, railroad consolidation and a stronger army and navy. He opposes the bonus, cancellation of the Allied debt, the recognition of Russia, any present tariff revision, except under the presidential authority of the existing law, and government price-fixing on wheat. The League of Nations is for him "a closed incident." He approves the St. Lawrence waterway and the super-power project.

HE wants a separate government department of education, with a place in the Cabinet; a constitutional amendment against child labor; a minimum wage law for women "under the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal government;" civil service for postmasters and prohibition officers; continued private ownership of coal but better operating conditions and the restriction of profiteering. Immigration he would continue to curtail, either on the basis of "a prior" census, or on the "record of naturalization" of former immigrants from each country. He commends the plan for reorganization of the government departments, except that he does not approve the consolidation of army and navy into a single Department of National Defense. The farmer he would aid by reducing taxes, the cost of fertilizer and, temporarily, freight rates. Reduction of acreage, diversification of crops and coöperative marketing must be agriculture's chief reliance, though the War Finance Corporation may give some temporary aid to exports. He commends a reduced rate of taxation on earned income, wants government operation of ships brought to an end, and approves the plan for having prisoners in federal penitentiaries do useful work and be paid for it. The texture of the President's mind is well illustrated in his remark, apropos of the desirability of education, that "mere

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intelligence is not enough. Enlightenment must be accompanied by that moral power which is the product of the home and of religion."

WHEN we turn to the actualities which the President faces in his effort to get his program realized by the present session, the picture is, from his point of view, a profoundly gloomy one. The bonus will probably be voted by Congress, in an endeavor to shift to the President the burden of wrath which will follow rejection. In order to prevent reënactment despite his veto, five or six Old Guard senators, all committed to the bonus, must change their minds. If they don't, the meassure will be repassed and Secretary Mellon's highly popular plan for tax reduction will become impossible. On the question of American adherence to the World Court, also, a bitter struggle is in prospect. The irreconcilables will fight harder than ever, since Hiram Johnson is now a presidential candidate on an isolationist platform.

THE railroad men months ago started a propaganda against alteration of the present law under which they are now making extremely handsome profits. Their motto is "Let us alone" and with public interest centred exclusively on reduction of freight rates, it will be difficult to muster support for an amendment looking in the direction of consolidation. Constitutional amendments, such as the President desires in order to check child labor and prevent the issuance of tax-exempt securities are such a long, slow process that the preliminary congressional endorsement, even if he gets it, will add little to Mr. Coolidge's prestige. The farmers, again—or at least, their proclaimed representatives—are disappointed that he refuses them government assistance while endorsing continued protection for our highly prosperous manufactures. Critics are not lacking, also, of his program for coal, regarding his as being a type of regulation which long ago demonstrated its ineffectiveness in any real emergency. In proposing civil service for postmasters and prohibition enforcement agents, he assaults the politicians of his own party in one of their most sacred citadels, and one which they are likely to defend to the death.

A PARIS dispatch to the New York Times avers that France is now experiencing a change of heart as to Germany. The agreement with Stinnes, according to the correspondent, is regarded as a victory no less important than that of 1918. France at last really controls the Ruhr, thereby both reducing the possibility of a new military offensive by her enemy and guaranteeing the payment of regular installments on the reparation account —not much, but something. M. Poincaré, in view of these facts, is willing to allow unoccupied Germany to struggle back to life. She will be aided in currency restoration and treated in general with moderation. An important motive, we are told, is the desire to restore European prosperity, cut down British unemployment, and thereby keep a labor government or any other that may be formed in the next few months from taking a position hostile to France and dangerous to the Entente.

IF this prediction is sustained by subsequent developments, it will be the strongest vindication for the theory that France has intended from the first to annex the Ruhr and by combining its coal with Lorraine ore, to make herself the most powerful country in Europe, economically as well as in every other way. With the Ruhr in her grasp she has in the long run little to fear from the rest of Germany, whether the Federation survives or not. The calculation suggested by the New York Times, however, seems to overlook some factors of importance. Excluded from the use of the Ruhr, Germany cannot be maintained as a modern industrial state. She must support herself largely by agriculture and this means, as Cassel, the great economist, has recently pointed out, that perhaps twenty million of her population must emigrate or die. That prospect inspires no hope for the restoration of British export trade; and even if it did, neither a labor government nor any other would continue the Entente while watching a ghastly process of starvation for which France would be alone and wholly responsible. If the French government is planning what it seems to be planning, and if the French people by their votes give continued approval to such a course, the policy must be pursued alone. Great Britain perhaps cannot prevent it; but she will not connive in it.

THE policy of reducing the number of Germans by starvation is one about which the French government is apparently losing no time. Thirty-five percent of the entire population of Germany, including men, women and children, is now being supported out of public funds, according to a cablegram a few days ago from the Berlin headquarters of the American Society of Friends (the Quakers). This is a burden which the government cannot possibly maintain unaided in its present financial condition. It wishes, therefore, to float a loan abroad with which to buy foodstuffs; but obviously, no investor will subscribe to such a loan unless there is a reasonable chance that it will be repaid—which means, of course, that it must be given priority over reparations. While no official action has been taken in Paris as we go to press, newspaper correspondents report strong and general opposition to such priority. The French argue that the German harvest is the best in thirty-five years, that the country is not poor but rich, as is evidenced by her purchases of cotton

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and copper in America, and that she can pay for her food with the capital she has hidden abroad.

IT is interesting to see a conservative power thus recommend communism to her neighbor; but her advice is, of course, entirely beside the point. The Berlin government has no way to seize either food on the farm or credits in foreign banks. The twenty million German people who are at this moment faced by starvation can only be kept alive by government aid or foreign charity. If France makes the first of these means impossible, the burden laid upon the second becomes all the heavier. Meanwhile, the Quakers report that fifty percent of all children in large towns and industrial districts are dangerously underfed. In forty-six large German cities the death rate from tuberculosis exceeds last year's by twenty percent. In Dresden it is almost double. We remind our readers that the address of The American Committee for Relief of German Children is 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Contributions may be sent to that address, or in care of the New Republic.

THE favorable reception of President Coolidge's message has caused his campaign managers to seize the present moment to announce his formal candidacy to succeed himself. William M. Butler will manage his campaign, and it is hinted that a formal confirmation of his ambition may be forthcoming from the White House in the near future. At the same time, Cleveland has been awarded the Republican convention next year, over the embittered protest of Chicago. Both these developments have been forced, in all probability, by the Hiram Johnson campaign. Chicago is a hotbed of admirers of the Californian; and while these supporters cannot vote for their favorite, they can create "psychological atmosphere" of a valuable character even in the thimble-rigged convention. The advantage Johnson now derives from being an avowed candidate is obvious; yet from the standpoint of public welfare it is deplorable that Mr. Coolidge should feel it necessary to throw his hat into the ring. The result will be that his every word and act will henceforth be judged only by their political intention and result. The work of the government will thereby be hampered even more than, from the complexion of Congress, already bids fair to be the case.

IN the protracted struggle between the Russian coöperatives and Soviet bureaucracy, the coöperatives, it now appears, are winning out. A decree restoring the principle of voluntary membership in the latter has been officially published by the Soviet government, and will no doubt soon be given the effect of law. The bearing of this decree is clear. In its original nationalizing policy the Soviet government tried to keep the coöperatives alive, but merely as a commercial agency of the central government. Membership was made compulsory for whole communities, with the result of an apparently enormous increase in coöperative business, at the expense of the real vitality of the movement. The non-Russian world knows too little of what went on inside of the coöperative organization, but it is a safe surmise that it was everywhere interpenetrated with bureaucrats who enforced communistic instead of coöperative policy. The restoration of the voluntary principle is a long step toward the undoing of the mischief thus wrought. With voluntary membership independent management is inevitable. The reform is the more significant in view of the fact that the Soviet government has promised to turn the nationalized industries over to the coöperatives as soon as the latter prove competent to undertake their management.

IN Russia, as in the greater part of the European continent, coöperation is essentially a peasant movement. Communism, on the other hand, is primarily a movement of the industrial, or at least urban proletariat. The peasant, standing on his own acres and drawing most of his sustenance from them, is of no mind to sink his whole individuality in any kind of communal organization. He can see the advantage of common action in buying and selling, in the ownership and operation of auxiliary facilities of production, such as tractors, threshing machinery and creamery plant, and even, on occasion, of greater industrial enterprises supplying his needs or working up his product for sale. Beyond that he does not care to go. The industrial worker, on the other hand, has no independent economic sphere of his own. His job is his whole economic life, and it is not surprising that he should dream of the nationalization of all jobs under workers' control. Russia is primarily a peasant country and is bound to remain such for generations. It follows that peasant coöperation must finally prevail over urban communism in the actual organization of economic life. Whether the peasants will prevail also in political life is less certain. The chances are, however, that they will.

ACCORDING to Secretary Wallace's calculations the aggregate income of the farmers is a billion and a quarter in excess of that of 1922. This is gratifying, but, as the Secretary warns us, we must not assume that this increase in income will of itself end agrarian discontent. The farmers get more money than they did before the war, but money buys so much less than it did, that the farmer's actual position has not been improved,

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and relatively to other classes, it has weakened. The causes of this relative loss are complex, as Secretary Wallace points out. The chief cause he does not emphasize—the Treaty of Versailles. Ever since the signing of the Treaty Europe has been in desperate need of our food products. The hungry populations have been eager to work to pay for such products but the imbecilities of statecraft have been an insuperable obstacle. Versailles and the policies of enforcement that followed are the ultimate cause of our agrarian distress, as of British unemployment and German starvation.

THIS is to cry over spilt milk, it may be said. So it would be if statecraft were no longer engaged in active mischief, extending the influence of depression into the future. But it is. An intelligent settlement today would effect an immediate improvement in world economic conditions and go far toward mending our agricultural situation. Such a settlement would give financial practicability to Secretary Wallace's plan of selling our surplus foodstuffs on long term credits to the peoples of Europe. Without a settlement any such sales will be in fact gifts, thinly disguised, and no gift policy can go far enough to bring substantial relief to the farmer. If the administration does not use whatever pressure it can commend to second the movement for settlement now gaining head in Europe, it will miss an opportunity for solving the domestic as well as the international problem.

SIMPLE-MINDED persons who had begun to think of Mexico, because of these recent peaceful years, in Anglo-Saxon terms, have been sharply undeceived: the Latin temperament survives. The election campaign has suddenly turned into a revolution of a serious character. No fundamental policy appears to be involved. Adolfo de la Huerta, long Obregon's close friend, and regarded as one of Mexico's leading statesmen, some time ago resigned as Secretary of the Treasury. His successor, Alberto Pani, after taking office declared that the government was bankrupt, and attributed this condition to de la Huerta's incompetence. The latter responded by charging President Obregon with trying to force General Calles upon the country as his successor, and the revolution followed. De la Huerta and General Sanchez, his military chief, have captured Jalapa, capital of the state of Vera Cruz. The navy and a large part of the army are with the rebels, and the situation for Obregon is admittedly grave. American friends of Mexico must particularly deplore the resort to arms, because, whatever the outcome, relations with this country will be seriously injured just at the moment when the long efforts at reconciliation of the two governments seemed to be crowned with success.

RECENTLY the Pittsburgh conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed a commission to consider some of the most urgent social and political problems. The Commission presented a report which was adopted at a recent session of the conference. The report endorsed the substitution of law for war, the World Court, the preservation intact of civil liberty and the so-called "social creed of the churches." But its most remarkable passage, which deserves the widest possible publicity, runs as follows:

> We view with apprehension the conditions which exist in some of the mining and industrial towns of our state as illustrated by the inability of our Methodist Church to secure a clear and unconditioned title to a site for the erection of a Church building. The only available lease prohibits the use of the Church building for any purpose not strictly religious and is subject to cancellation with the allowance of ninety days for the removal of the building. One of our pastors has been forced out of the field simply for having expressed himself as believing in the cause of the employees and another is threatened with ejection for the same reason. This arbitrary position of the companies has resulted in closing towns to the preaching of the Gospel and is a serious evil to all who believe in the fundamentals of free government.

The Rising Tide of British Labor

SUPERFICIALLY the important lesson of the British election is the defeat of the Tory government as a penalty for its general ineptitude. There are, of course, many facts which corroborate this interpretation. The Baldwin Cabinet had failed to handle the critical problems of either foreign or domestic policy in a manner which eased the discomfort or increased the self-esteem of the British people. Considering the completeness of his failure to get the better of his country's problems, Mr. Baldwin's sudden appeal to the voters on the irrelevant issue of protection looked like poor politics and worse statesmanship which the British people have punished as it deserved.

This comment is true, but it is far from being the whole or the most important truth about the British election. Although Mr. Baldwin has suffered a deserved defeat, his defeat may eventually prove to bring many compensations—if not to his country, at least to his party. The Conservatives will certainly turn out to be stronger and more capable in opposing than they have been in conducting the government. A really successful government for Great Britain is just at present difficult almost to the point of impossibility. Mr. Baldwin's successor, whoever he may be, cannot form a government with a united and aggressive English majority opinion behind it; and even if he could the practical impossibility of formulating and

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carrying out a capable foreign and domestic policy would before long assure his downfall. If he be unsuccessful and another general election soon follows, the Tories would enter the contest under so much more favorable conditions that they might well win a clear victory. After a demonstration that the only practicable substitute for a Conservative government was one which is no more capable of governing successfully than the Conservatives had been, the British public might jump to the conclusion that the Conservative party provided the least undesirable variety of fumbling. And whenever they resumed power they would be more united than they have been, more sharply distinguished from their adversaries and more confident of the comparative availability of their own modest program.

The most significant aspect of the British election, as we see it, is not the defeat of the Conservatives but the unexpected increase in strength of the Labor party. Labor fought the election under prodigious handicaps. It suffered from insufficient preparedness and equipment, from the lack of aggressive fighting spirit, from a dearth of well-known candidates and popular speakers and from a somewhat general attitude of discouragement within its own ranks. Its program contained a number of unpopular planks and no longer aroused as much enthusiasm of conviction among its supporters as it once did. It was opposed not only by a more united Tory party but by a reunited Liberal party. Its opponents appealed to the voters through the voices of the most capable and popular speakers in Great Britain, including practically every man who had served in the government for the last ten years. The Liberals in particular were aggressive and confident. They fully expected to substitute themselves for Labor as the party second to the Conservatives in strength; and they expected as the result of the election to demonstrate an increase in popular support which would prophesy their ultimate return to power.

In spite of all these handicaps the Labor party won an astonishing victory. It elected almost 190 members to the new Parliament as compared with less than 150 in the last. With one exception it returned to Parliament all its most capable leaders, which was not true of either of its rivals. Its candidates triumphed in almost half the constituencies which it could afford to contest. If it could have contested another hundred seats, it could have increased its strength considerably. The next Parliament will contain approximately almost more Labor than it will Liberal members. The party is by far the most compact, able, experienced and trustworthy organized group of political and economic radicals which has assembled under one political flag in any modern nation. Hitherto its sympathizers in other countries, if they were candid, could not reasonably conceive it as anything but a plant of tender growth which might not survive the rough and tumble fights and the costly vicissitudes of practical politics. But as the result of this election the Labor party can fairly claim to be a hardy perennial with roots deep enough in the soil of British political and social life to survive much unfavorable weather. It is likely to keep growing and ultimately to undertake the responsibility of government.

The Labor party won its victory even more at the expense of the Liberals than at the expense of the Tories. Its success increases the probability that Labor rather than Liberalism will finally emerge as the official competitor with Conservatism for temporary possession of the right to rule Great Britain. The Liberals have steadily insisted that, if they were reunited and presented with an issue which sharply distinguished them from the Conservatives, they would regain their prestige and popularity and reduce Labor to the negligible dimensions of the former Independent Labor party. This claim now seems less plausible. The recent elections reunited the Liberals and gave them the one issue about which they could talk most confidently. Yet they added little to their popular support and still ran a poor second to Labor. What will become of them hereafter? Are they capable of gaining enough votes at the expense either of Conservatives or of Labor to give them an ultimate majority? If they cannot gain in this way, are they not likely to shrivel as Labor adds to its membership, until in the end their right wing will go over to the Conservatives and the left wing rally to Labor?

These are, of course, extremely practical questions; and the events of the next few months will throw some light on the answers to them. English government in its traditional form becomes impossible when Parliament is divided into three factions, no one of which contains a majority and no two of which will coalesce. That is apparently the situation today. It is probable that one of these three factions will have to give way and distribute its members between its rivals. Manifestly it will not be the Tories. In any changing constitutional state, one party must represent the class which benefits from the established institutions of the country and consents reluctantly to proposed alterations in the balance of political and economic power. The question is whether the alternative party, the party of conscious organized social progress, will call itself Liberal or Labor. The answer to this question still remains doubtful, but after the election it is more than ever probable that Liberalism will eventually combine with Conservatism to form a party, which, while it would not merely obstruct political and economic readjustment, would use every pretext to prevent reconstruction from travelling too far or too fast.

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The reason why Liberalism will probably coalesce with Conservatism rather than Labor and thereby lose many of its more radical members is sufficiently obvious. Liberalism is less divided from the Conservatism of today than it is from Labor. The first two are expressions of the points of view of a middle class, whose prestige depends on the association between the ownership of private property and political power. They are alarmed at the prospect of confiding the government of the country to workers who do not own private property. At present both of the older parties are partially progressive. They admit the necessity of planning innovations in industry and government, but they are not willing to accept the shift in the distribution of social power for which the Labor party contends. Labor proposes to reform the institution of private property by distinguishing drastically between those forms which are socially beneficial in their operations and those which are not beneficial. It represents the rise of a class which, while it seeks increasing comfort and leisure, is trying to obtain what it seeks not by personal accumulation but by increasing the amount of socialized property and by giving increasing dignity and competence to labor by hand and brain. A class of this kind has, as the result of the trades-union and the coöperative movements, gradually overcome the obstacles to its social leadership. No doubt it still needs an increase in numbers, in self-consciousness, in technical ability and in social vision before it can successfully assume the onerous responsibility of governing in the interest of reconstruction, but it is going strong and it has a fair chance of arriving. Its advent and its increasing success are quite the most promising and significant political and social enterprise which is taking place in the world of today.

The Background of American Withdrawal

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a letter from Mr. John F. Moors in which he criticises an article recently published in the New Republic entitled The Obstacle to Peace for misrepresenting the reasons which induced the Senate to reject the Treaty of Versailles and for injustice to ex-President Wilson. As these criticisms of Mr. Moors express with moderation the honest objections which Mr. Wilson's friends continue to urge against any dissent from the course which he adopted in Paris, it is worth while to answer them candidly and carefully. The discussion may throw some light upon a difference of opinion which is having extremely unfortunate results in dividing the friends of world peace into separate camps.

If Mr. Moors had read the article in question more sympathetically, he would have seen that it did not, as he implies, attribute the rejection of the Treaty of Versailles to dislike by the Senate of the Treaty itself as distinguished from the Covenant of the League of Nations. The article did not pretend to tell the story of how or why the Senate repudiated the Treaty. It was evaluating the conduct of the American nation in suspending the political partnership with Europe into which it had entered by coöperating with the Allies in defeating Germany. Ex-President Wilson had stigmatized the withdrawal from Europe which resulted from the rejection of the Treaty as a cowardly and ignoble act. Some people who participated in the decision may have been prompted by cowardly motives or explained their conduct by ignoble reasons; but our contention was and is that under the circumstances the decision to withdraw was and will be ultimately beneficial. For Mr. Wilson had imposed on them an alternative of either withdrawing or of entangling themselves without the guidance of any recognized rule or sufficiently educated opinion in the conflicts of European power politics.

There would have been something cowardly and ignoble about American withdrawal if the European statesmen assembled in Paris had in framing the Treaty sincerely tried to substitute law and conference for force as the ultimate arbiter of European politics. But a League of Nations which would not admit Germany was not a sincere attempt to provide an adequate remedy for the causes of international competition for power, while on the other hand the Treaty itself contained a group of international adjustments which derived their only possible permanent sanction from a continued preponderance of force in the hands of its beneficiaries. The great previous European settlements—the Treaties of Westphalia and Vienna—depended on force for their sanction and were bound to result in future wars; but they served to allay the animosities of the moment and they set up a future balance rather than an attempted monopoly of power. Germany imposed the Treaty of Frankfurt on France in defiance of justice, but compared to the Treaty of Versailles it was a triumph of compassion and of moderation. Under its provisions France could survive, recover and prosper. Germany could not survive, recover and prosper under the Treaty of Versailles. The Treaty operated to erect military force into a more affirmative fact, and conference, law, and fair dealing into less affirmative facts in the politics of Europe than they had been before the war.

Under these circumstances the refusal of the United States to ratify was an act of justifiable self-protection. For the United States the Treaty and the League could not be disentangled. In explaining their reasons for an adverse vote the senators naturally emphasized the League rather than the Treaty. The antipathies of the war were

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still fresh, and they could not oppose the Treaty without being accused of pro-Germanism. But in effect and in meaning they repudiated a relationship with Europe which involved them in the European struggle for power on terms dictated by European interests and exigencies. They willed to resume for the time being a prewar legal relationship to a post-war Europe which was more rather than less torn by irreconcilable dissensions. The United States could not effectively participate in such a system without accepting a continued obligation to send American armies to Europe in order to confirm or to dispute the existing preponderance of power.

The withdrawal of the United States is not sufficient to account for the inability of the League of Nations to counteract the domination of force in Europe. The weakness of the League derives from the inherent defects of its organization and its origin. It was an attempt to consolidate peace with victory. It contained no shelter for the vanquished. The Covenant prohibited the admission of Germany into the League as an equal of the other great powers save with the consent of France, while at the same time the Treaty supplied France with an irresistible motive to refuse consent. How can France allow a nation which she is authorized to injure, as she is injuring Germany, to seek the protection of the League? The adhesion of the United States would not have reformed this fundamental cause of the existing disorder in Europe. France legally or illegally is waging war on Germany with the connivance of the League of Nations. The Treaty of Versailles bestowed on her the license to carry on this war. It disarmed her enemy and rendered her armies irresistible. It gave her a valid legal claim on German economic resources which if pushed towards collection would be ruinous to Germany. Her rulers have declared again and again in effect that they have set their course and that they will not be deflected save by compulsion. That is why the British people are appalled at the prospect either of acquiescing in the French policy or of opposing it. In the end they will probably do what the United States did in the beginning—that is, neither acquiesce nor oppose by diplomatic or military action, but resume their independence and wait for better news.

Whether France is destroying Germany by or without "due process of law" is, of course, a disputed question. We are well aware of the opinion which the law officers of His Majesty's Government and of the German Reich have expressed about the occupation of the Ruhr. But unfortunately this is not conclusive. If there are two doubtful interpretations of an agreement, the interpretation prevails which is confirmed by acts and is sustained by public opinion. The French government has acted on its interpretation. The British government has hesitated to act on its interpretation. If the British leaders had really believed that France "scrapped the Treaty," they should have vindicated the belief by breaking with France in January of this year. If they were honestly uncertain, they should at least have tried to adjudicate the question by using the procedure which John Maynard Keynes has suggested. They should have moved to submit it to the Hague Tribunal. But they have in effect quieted the French title to occupy the Ruhr by not acting on their belief in its invalidity; and public opinion throughout the world has shown a similar complaisance. One might have supposed that liberal and Christian opinion in this and other nations would have been horrified at the execution of a policy against a defenceless people which was both ruinous to its victim and of doubtful legality. But the occupation of the Ruhr has never aroused any strong or general expression of disapproval from the people who are most interested in the League of Nations; and we have naturally inferred that they accepted the French view of its legality.

As to whether the New Republic is fair to Mr. Wilson we must leave others to judge. At all events we are fairer to Mr. Wilson than he is to his opponents. In our opinion he was beguiled by a combination of obstacles, intrigues and insidious temptations into a disastrous mistake which amounted in effect to a betrayal of his previous promises. That in accepting the Treaty he used his best judgment and conceived his motives as lofty, we have never questioned. But considering the manifest and admitted defects of the bargain which he asked his fellow countrymen to ratify, he was, we believe, yielding to morbid exaggeration when he condemned the failure to follow his example and advice as an ignoble and cowardly act. The use of these abusive epithets to characterize the behavior of people who, no less than he, acted in good faith and according to the dictates of their best judgment merely inflames a quarrel which the advocates of the League of Nations would, in the interest of the ultimate success of their own cause, do well to soothe.

The Best of Bad Reasons

WHEN one is compelled to give a bad reason, it is a virtue to give it in few words. President Coolidge's reason for opposing the excess profits tax is a shining example of this kind of virtue. "Being opposed to war taxes in time of peace, I am not in favor of excess profits taxes." That is all. Not a word about the alleged power of excess profiteers to raise their prices still higher in order to shift the taxes laid upon them. Not a word about the general discouragement all business is supposed to suffer when those who are receiving more than they need are forced to give

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up a part of their excess gains in relief of the unprivileged tax payer. President Coolidge keeps his conscience clear of such sophisms. The excess profits tax is a war tax: that is enough.

It is true that the tax was introduced in time of war, like the "nuisance taxes" still on the statute books, and like the chief weight of the income tax. But is there anything in the nature of the excess profits tax that makes of it a fiscal expedient peculiarly appropriate to war time and inappropriate to a time of peace? There are thousands of rock-ribbed Americans like President Coolidge who assume that there is. The assumption rests, we think, on an historical confusion.

Let us recall that at the time when we went into the war there was a strong sentiment among patriotic Americans for the adoption of the principle of the British war profits tax. When the British found themselves at war, they had to make over their industrial system in order to supply vast quantities of war material. There was no time to look for the lowest bidder. Every man's contribution was needed, whether he could produce at low costs or high, and the price offered by the government had to satisfy the high cost producer. The result was that the low cost producers were in a position to make immense fortunes out of their country's need—a hideous scandal in the eyes of those whose sons were dying on the battle field. Hence the war profits tax, which was designed to take from each favored producer of war supplies a good share of what he gained beyond a fair return on his capital. In theory the whole of the excess should have been appropriated by the state. In practice this was held inexpedient, as weakening the stimulus to maximum production.

The adoption of a similar tax, as we have said, was widely advocated in America. In our frenzy of war preparations, however, we had no time to work out an administrative plan efficient enough to isolate the profits of war. What we needed was revenue, and we went after it where it was to be found. We had among us a great variety of business concerns that were making an immense amount of easy money. There were corporations earning fifteen, twenty-five or even fifty percent and more on their bona fide capital. To pay in taxes a part of this easy money was no hardship to them. It could not drive them out of business, nor force them to restrict operations.

We taxed excess profits in time of war because they represented easy money—money the taxpayers did not strictly deserve, and did not really need. These reasons hold just as well in peace time as in war time, if easy money appears in one state as well as in the other. And it does. We shall, in a later issue, set before our readers some account of the volume of easy money afloat today. For the present we content ourselves with an appeal to the facts of common knowledge.

Every man who pays a coal bill knows perfectly well that a part of the sum extracted from him is easy money for somebody. Every one who is trying to build will feel the twinge of somebody's easy money in the prices of material. There is easy money in steel and petroleum, in leather products and woolens, and almost everywhere else except in the average consumer's pocket. Even where there is none of it, its presence is suspected, to the consumer's pain.

There was a time when we could have assumed that easy money was something that would eliminate itself. If profits were high in any industry, competition welled up and swept them away. We are living today under a new dispensation. Vast corporations, with which it is safest to compete humbly and apologetically, if at all, dominate an increasing part of our economic life. Where many competitors survive, associations with rules of greater or less legality have managed to introduce a mutual tolerance in business practices to the end that profits may be preserved.

We have sought, and are still seeking, to prevent by legal penalties any arrangements that assure the permanence of excessive prices and profits. How modest our success has been is indicated by the strength of the opposition to excess profits taxation. It can't be the men who are operating on a reasonable margin of profit that are proclaiming so earnestly the sanctity of profits beyond reason.

We need the excess profits tax as a source of revenue to supplant other revenues involving real hardship. We need it as a curb upon personal enrichment through monopoly or combination or even mere chance. We need it as a means of giving effective publicity to the practices of private enterprise. If extortion is common, we ought to know it; if the volume of excessive profits is small, we ought to know that, too. And sooner or later the great majority of the American people will discover that the characterization of the excess profits tax as a war tax is only a magical incantation. We needed the tax in war time. We need it even more in time of peace. For it is in peace that the main structural lines of our economic organization are set, whether for concentration of wealth and power among the few or their distribution among the many.

Laissez-Faire vs. Nation Building

WE publish elsewhere in this number an article by John Maynard Keynes on the issue involved in Mr. Baldwin's ill fated protectionist campaign. As always, the arguments of Mr. Keynes are clear and cogent. They dispose finally of the arguments of his opponents, as finally

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in logic as the electorate have disposed of them in political fact.

Have Mr. Keynes and the British voters disposed so finally of the underlying issue of national direction versus laissez-faire in foreign trade? We hasten to observe that Mr. Keynes dissociates himself explicitly from those who accept without qualification the principle of laissez-faire. He admits all the valid exceptions to the rule that have appeared in the textbooks. Nevertheless, he insists as strongly as any classical economist ever did that the relation between laissez-faire and governmental interference is essentially that of rule and exception. And the rule is based on "fundamental truths" which "no one can dispute who is capable of understanding the meaning of the words."

"It is better," begins one of these fundamental truths. Better to employ our labor and capital where they are most efficient, relatively. Yes; but "better" and "efficient" are words that the modern economic sceptic does not take on faith. Better in what sense? More efficient for what? One of our great American corporations produced last year $29,000,000 worth of chewing gum. Its performance was excellent, its work was efficient, in the production of gum, and in the acquisition of the money value of gum. Our producers of wheat march steadily up to take their turns in foreclosure proceedings. Clearly it is "better," from some point of view, for men to be driven out of wheat and into gum. Is it better from the point of view of the good citizen and clear sighted statesman, who looks before and after?

Mr. Keynes would no doubt say that this case is abundantly taken care of under one of his exceptions or another. But we are raising the question whether such exceptions are not really the rule. Mr. Keynes's "fundamental truths" are true only in so far as exchange values, as they exist, are an adequate measure of the usefulness of things to the individual and society. We who live like spotted deer in the happy hunting ground of the advertisers have seen how exchange values are built up, and are sceptical of their meaning. In the span of a generation we have seen advertising transform a childish impulse to masticate for mastication's sake into a mighty hunger for thousands of tons of chicle. Again and again we have seen the advertisers snapping their fingers at the rule that increased supplies mean lower prices, "other things equal." Other things are never equal when the advertisers are at large. Raisins are selling at five cents a pound, and producers can sell only 50,000 tons out of 200,000 on hand. Call in the advertisers. Presto, 200,000 tons sell at ten cents a pound. This is no mere fancy of ours. We have actually seen it done.

From the obvious, gross manipulation of our value system by the advertisers, our attention inevitably flits to the old, sound, easy going methods of trade. The old time merchant sold us what we needed and wanted, and let us go. Did he indeed? Or did he practise upon us, in his own subtle way, and shape up our values not especially to our good?

Let us look at results in the large. Under the current value system it is better for Americans to crowd together in great cities, though the stock grows neurotic and tends toward extinction. It is better for Englishmen to cluster perspiringly together on a small island though the vast plains of Canada and Australia lie open to them. The argument is simple and cogent. All things considered the Englishman in the slums of London, the American in the slums of New York is better off if he remains where he is. He gets more money, and more of money's worth, in terms of the current exchange value standard. His children may have rickets, to be sure, thin, crooked legs, pigeon breasts, palaeolithic teeth and jaws, but they will have their beer in England, their gum in New York.

All this, to be sure, has no relevance to the shallow protectionism of Mr. Baldwin, with its idle promise of relief from unemployment. But it will be decidedly relevant to the movement for nation and empire building that will come sooner or later if Britain is to survive as a great power. When such a movement gets under way, we predict that foreign trade, like domestic, will be handled with much ruthlessness. There will be comparatively little said of the "better" results from applying capital and labor to the opportunities offering the greatest possible pecuniary gain. Instead, it will be considered how each rood may be made to maintain its man and how each industry may be made to feed its folk and train them in the ways of survival and fitness for citizens' service. The British people will not hesitate to make some small sacrifice of money values in order that they may be more closely bound to their colonies and a unified economic empire created to play an imperial part in the destinies of the world.

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Free Trade for England

THE British Prime Minister's Protectionist campaign has ended in disaster. He contended that new facts have changed the significance of old proposals; and in the light of the result, the present moment is perhaps an appropriate one at which to remind ourselves of some principles which have certainly not changed.

Free trade is based on two fundamental truths which, stated with their due qualifications, no one can dispute who is capable of understanding the meaning of the words:—

I. It is better to employ our capital and our labor in trades where we are relatively more efficient than other people are, and to exchange the products of these trades for goods in the production of which we are relatively less efficient.

Every sane man pursues this principle in his private life. He concentrates his energies on those employments where his efficiency is greatest in comparison with other people's; and leaves to others what they can do better than he can.

There are four, and only four, recognized types of exception to this principle, which apply equally to nations and to individuals:

1. If, for non-economic reasons, a particular trade, or the conditions in which it is carried on, are degrading or unpleasant, or if, on the other hand, they are peculiarly desirable, we may recognize such facts by prohibitions and by encouragements. Such cases are certainly not to be found amongst manufactured imports or exports as a class. Many believe, however, that the encouragement of agriculture comes under this head.

2. If a particular article or service is of such a kind that it is not safe for nations or individuals to leave themselves entirely dependent on the services of outsiders, this is a reason for insisting that we should retain at least the capacity for providing it at home. This is the case of "key industries." It is already covered by existing legislation. The main objection to such legislation is that, under cover of it, Protectionists are apt to slip in articles which do not really satisfy the conditions.

3. Where relative inefficiency is due to a remediable lack of practice or of education, on the part of our own industries, it may be worth while to spend something on gaining the necessary experience. This is the case of "infant industries." Here again the objection is that Protectionists are apt to father on it elderly or unpromising "infants." It can hardly occur in an old industrial country, such as England, except in an industry based on a new invention. I do not know any important case of this, except possibly that of the motor industry—already heavily protected.

4. Where, for special reasons, the cheapness of the imported goods does not look like being permanent, yet may bankrupt and destroy our own organization so long as it lasts, temporary measures may be justified. This is the case of "dumping" and of imports from countries of depreciating currency. Generally speaking, the occasions for action under this head are not so common as may appear at first. We have to weigh the direct benefit of getting the goods cheap against the indirect injury done to our organization. It is not true, at present, that we are suffering seriously under this head; and in so far as it can be proved that we are suffering in particular cases, this is already provided for by existing legislation.

II. The second great principle is that there can be no disadvantage in receiving useful objects from abroad. If we have to pay at once, we can only pay with the export of goods and services, and the exchange would not take place (subject to the necessary exceptions just stated) unless there were an advantage in it. Every export which is not paid for by an import represents a decrease in the capital available within the country.

Thus an artificial interference with imports must *either* interfere with exports *or* involve an artificial stimulation to capital to leave the country. Now, if we are to interfere at all with the natural course of trade, surely it would be with the object of keeping capital at home, not of driving it abroad. With our shortage of housing and the need of factories and equipment to render efficient our growing supply of labor, we need to keep more capital at home, and so to arrange matters that our surplus resources are occupied in increasing our own equipment for future production and for the shelter of our own population. There is already, in my opinion, too much encouragement to the export of our capital. With our diminished savings and our increasing needs, we are not in the position in which we used to be for sending our goods to the rest of the world and getting back, for the time being, nothing whatever in return.

Our imports are our income. To put obstacles in their way is to be as crazy as a business man would be who tried to prevent his customers and his debtors from paying their bills.

Neither of these principles is in the least affected by whether or not foreign countries impose tariffs.

There is a third argument for free trade, but one far less absolute and more relative to changing circumstances than the first two,—namely, the principle of laissez-faire. This is never a final argument. The old view, that the self-interest of individuals, operating without interference, will always produce the best results, is not true. As knowledge increases and the arts of government

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improve, the public good requires many checks on the unregulated acts of individual traders. Nevertheless, in a case like this, where lobbying, expense, waste of time, and friction of all kinds will endlessly ensue, we require, to justify the change, not the momentary caprice of a minister who is short of material for a speech at a party gathering, but solid and certain advantages to the state, carefully thought out and clearly explained.

There are three principal objects, other than the prevention of imports, for which import duties have been proposed at various times:

1. The favoring of imports from some sources of supply rather than others, namely *Preference.*

2. The annoyance of foreign countries, in the hope that they will offer you some concession to abate the nuisance, namely *Retaliation.*

3. The exploitation of a position of monopoly or partial monopoly, in order, by restricting the volume of trade, to get a more favorable ratio of exchange, namely, *Making the Foreigner Pay.*

In each of these cases it is a question of where the *balance* of advantage lies. There is nothing whatever new about them. They have been argued out, up and down the country, hundreds of times. I need only point out that the last of them is peculiarly inapplicable to our present circumstances. The imposition of an import or export duty with this object in view is equivalent to a combination of producers to extract from their customers a price higher than the competitive price. Such action is very imprudent unless those who take it feel confident as to the strength of their monopoly position and as to the inability of their customers to go elsewhere. It is not aimed at expanding the volume of trade; but the contrary. It is an attempt to get better terms from foreigners by contracting the volume of trade. Such an attempt would without doubt be exceptionally ill advised at a time when we are already losing trade by charging too high.

The complication of the free trade issue has generally arisen in the past from the fact that, whilst Protectionists have really wanted protection for its own fallacious sake, they have generally advanced under a thick smoke-screen of the exceptional cases,—Agriculture and Race-Virility, Key-Industries, Infant-Industries, Dumping, Preference, Retaliation, and Making the Foreigner Pay. It is always more difficult to prove in a few words that certain possible advantages are unlikely or infrequent, than to meet the straight case—where there is and can be no advantage at all. This time, however, the air has been clearer. There is no talk of food taxes. The only important industry—the motor industry—which could by the wildest stretch be called an infant, has a heavy duty already. Key-Industries and Dumping are covered by the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Preference is already accorded almost to the full extent that is possible without food taxes. "Making the Foreigner Pay" is a preposterous idea just now for the reasons given above. There remains Retaliation available for an occasional mention. But the worst of this cry is its utter inconsistency with the main cry of providing permanent employment. For it is of the essence of Retaliation that the duties are put on with the idea of taking them off again, soon and suddenly, when they have served their purpose. It is obvious that no expansion of home industry could be started under the precarious and deceptive shelter of retaliatory duties.

The truth is that since the war we have been experimenting (unwisely, in my opinion) with all the more plausible cases for protection, and already have quite a formidable array of trade obstacles. It has been reserved, therefore, for Mr. Baldwin, the last and most foolish protagonist of this old play, to plunge headlong into pure error of the $2+2=5$ variety.

For if there is one thing that protection *cannot* do, it is to cure unemployment. It is the central idea of protection *to contract trade,*—for the advancement of various ulterior objects which may or may not be wise. The characteristic of protection—admitted, I should have thought, by friend and foe alike—is that it is an attempt to trade on better terms or on nationally more advantageous lines at the expense of doing less business. The free trader has always been the expansionist,—the man who is accused of exchanging with the foreigner too cheap or sacrificing the character of the business, merely for the sake of carrying on a *large* trade. Whoever, before Mr. Baldwin, dared to assert that putting obstacles in the way of trade would *increase its volume?*

There are some arguments for protection, based upon its securing possible but improbable advantages, to which there is no simple answer. But the claim to cure unemployment involves the Protectionist fallacy in its grossest and also in its crudest form.

Protection must mean—to this there is no exception—an attempt to limit the volume of trade; it must mean charging the foreigner more (more, measured in terms of goods demanded against goods supplied) at the expense of doing less trade with him. And insofar as the keeping out an import does not involve a corresponding restriction of export, it must drive some capital out of the country.

Our problem is to find expanding markets and an increased capital equipment for a growing industrial population. A proposal to solve this by contracting markets and encouraging the export of capital is an imposition on the credulity of the country.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

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Amends to the Manes

THERE are two men to whose Manes I owe amends. It is not for any positive wrong I did them—for positive wrongs do not reach beyond the grave. My sin was the meaner and more injurious one of omission. Having had converse with these men, I yet lazily took the bowed and grizzled figures before me as the whole picture, indifferent to the lives of striving and achievement of which the figures were but weathered hieroglyphs. If either of these men had written a sonnet that had embedded itself in an anthology, or had painted a portrait glowering obscured in a museum corner, I should have been curious about their lives, interested in the quality of the mind still glowing through the mask of their aged faces. But they were cattle breeders. The material they worked in was the living animal, and the meat and milk that stand as its ultimate purpose. Like the good artist, they worked without thought of personal reward or recognition. Their days were full of care and their dreams bright with visions. I made nothing of them, because I was enslaved to the current fashions in values, which stupidly rate men according to the material in which they work, ascribing a high place to those who express themselves in marble, bronze, pigments and rhythmic sentences and a lowly place to those who work with materials vulgarly accounted vulgar. I might excuse myself if I could truthfully say that I accepted the social scale of values. But I do not. I recognize it for what it is, a wholly untrustworthy accretion of unfounded dogma, superstitious fears, imitative enthusiasms. I take it for a basis of judgment only in matters to which I am indifferent. Thus I stand convicted of indifference to two of the most valiant personalities I have ever encountered.

The one was a western farmer named Dibble, whom I knew when I was a boy, and esteemed chiefly because he was the father of a youth of amazing intellectual promise, which, alas, was blighted by ill health. On his rich acres Dibble maintained some seven fat cattle of a breed unlike any I had ever seen, though I lived on a thoroughfare where perhaps seventy thousand cattle, red and white, spotted, brindled, roan, long horned or crumple horned or polled, made their way to the western grass lands every spring in bellowing droves extending from horizon to horizon.

Thirty-five years have passed, and Dibble's seven fat kine have eaten up the seventy thousand many colored scrubs. The white faces and sleek red bodies of the descendants of Dibble's herd glisten on a thousand hills. Some years ago I saw a beautiful herd in Dakota, five hundred miles to the northwest; I was told that their pedigree ran back to Dibble's famous herd. Then I recalled the man, of medium height, thick set, with wide ruddy face trimmed with a white beard, deep eyes and a formidable straight nose. He had some difficulty in manipulating his speech and was usually silent until an accumulation of emotion over political injustice or the blindness of the farmers to the possibilities of improvement overwhelmed him. Then his chest would heave and his features would work painfully, until speech came in a resistless torrent. When he had once spoken there was no more to be said.

That is all I know about Dibble. It is enough to show that he was very much of a man, and that I was a fool not to cultivate my opportunity of knowing more about him. The other man I neglected was Solomon Hoxie.

I knew Solomon Hoxie only as the father of Robert Hoxie, the brilliant economist of Chicago University, whose untimely death left American economics immeasurably poorer. Solomon Hoxie was a superb octogenarian, supple in body and mind. I used to meet him coming from his vacant lot garden with a huge basket of beans, beets and golden corn, a gift for some devitaminized flat dweller's table. He would pause for a moment to make a cheerful comment on the ways of nature, or to insert a word of propaganda for Christian socialism, to which he had recently become a convert. I knew that he had played an active part in the building up of the standards of the black and white dairy cattle that have been generally called Holstein, but should be called Friesian. I was not interested in cattle and stupidly ignored the fact that cattle may be the material of a significant life. Solomon Hoxie remained a closed book to me. I have come to know him better, since, and to value him. And now I have in my hands a biography published by his daughter, Jane Hoxie*, a modest piece of work and a competent one. I wish we had as good a biography of each one of the other ninety-nine creative Americans of Solomon Hoxie's generation. We should have the material for writing about real Americanism. It could then be proved conclusively that those who pass sweeping condemnations on America and American culture, no matter how brilliant, are dead wrong. Since we cannot have the hundred biographies, we'd better be grateful for those we do have. Of these Jane Hoxie's book is one of the best.

When next you drink a glass of milk, spill a bit of the cream as a libation to the Manes of Solomon Hoxie, for the chances are, there is some of his work in the bland white fluid you are tasting. It

* Solomon Hoxie, a Biography, by Jane Hoxie. Published by the Author.

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was Solomon Hoxie, backed by a little group of farmers as impecunious as himself, who first realized that the splendid stock of Dutch cattle then struggling with other breeds for the grass lands of New York could be put into a dominant position of superior service to dairyman and city dweller alike only if the standards were rigorously maintained. The market was being flooded with good cattle, bad and indifferent, made salable by the illusion that whatever is imported must be good. Soon the public was bound to turn from the whole breed in disgust. Hoxie and his associates engaged in importing only the best and Hoxie worked out a plan of registry, first of blood alone, later of performance, which set our American dairy herds on the way of indefinite improvement. For more than thirty years Solomon Hoxie worked incessantly, inspecting, registering, editing the registry manual, writing articles, preparing speeches in support of honest and intelligent methods of breeding. There were enemies enough to fight, men who had counterfeits to pass off, men who were too indifferent or dull witted to see what standards meant. Hoxie fought his fight without malice but without compromise, and won. The time will come when Friesia will have to resort to America for the superior breed of cattle produced from the Friesian stem by the intelligence of Solomon Hoxie.

He was not born to be a cattle breeder. His instincts were essentially those of a religious teacher. Circumstances held him back from a work where he would have succeeded brilliantly, as one could judge from the letters published in his biography, even if one had not heard his impromptu sermons and observed the mystical glow in his eye. Chance gave him the cattle pasture for a vineyard and he made it yield an hundred fold.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Promise of Labor Banking

FIVE years ago, to predict the rise of a movement of such magnitude and vigor as labor banking would have been rightly regarded as reckless. Except for slight traces of something akin to coöperative banking, in which members of trade unions participated, there was even so recently no evidence that the labor movement contemplated a radical departure from its traditional methods and purposes. It seemed to be concerned as ever with wages and hours and jurisdictional disputes and indifferent to wider areas of interest and influence. Yet, in little more than three years the following banks have been organized:

Mt. Vernon Savings Bank	Machinists	Washington, D. C.
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank	Locomotive Engineers	Cleveland, O.
Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank	Amalgamated Clothing Workers	Chicago, Ill.
Coöperative Bank & Trust Co.	Labor Groups	Tucson, Ariz.
People's Coöperative State Bank	Locomotive Engineers	Hammond, Ind.
Producers and Consumers Bank	Labor Groups	Philadelphia, Pa.
Brotherhood Trust & Savings Bank	Railway Brotherhoods	San Bernardino, Cal.
Federated Bank & Trust Co.	Locomotive Engineers and State Federation	Birmingham, Ala.
Labor National Bank of Montana	Railway Brotherhoods	Three Forks, Mont.
Transportation Brotherhoods National Bank	Railway Brotherhoods	Minneapolis, Minn.
Telegraphers National Bank	Railroad Telegraphers	St. Louis, Mo.
Amalgamated Bank of New York	Amalgamated Clothing Workers	New York City
Brotherhood Savings & Trust Co.	Railroad Unions	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Federation Bank of New York	Central Labor Council	New York City
Brotherhood of Railway Clerks National Bank	Brotherhood of Railway Clerks	Cincinnati, O.
Brotherhood Coöperative National Bank	Railroad Unions	Spokane, Wash.
Fraternity Trust Co.	Railroad and other unions	Harrisburg, Pa.
Potomac Trust Co.	Railroad Unions	Potomac, Va.
International Union Bank	Ladies Garment and Needles Trades Unions	New York City
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Bank of New York	Locomotive Engineers	New York City

All but the last two are now open. The bank of the Ladies Garment Workers will begin business on January 5 next and that of the Locomotive Engineers early in 1924. In addition to these twenty banks, others are already being organized by the telegraphers in Boston, the Central Labor Union in Buffalo, and by various labor groups in Los Angeles, Port Huron, Michigan, and Indianapolis. Labor banks are, however, now multiplying so rapidly in number that there is no assurance that this list is a complete one.

Explanations for the astonishing rise and development of this movement are likely to be as many as there are persons offering them. Mr.

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Richard Boeckel, author of the first book* on the subject, attributes the phenomenon to the realization by trades unionists of the failure of their tactics of the past. He conceives them as convinced that they are at the end of their rope and that no striking progress is to be expected by means of the time-honored methods of collective bargaining. The substantial progress of the future must be made by excursions into the fields of business and industrial control; and of all spots where such control may be tried that of banking affords the readiest and most attractive possibilities.

It is, it seems to me, futile to pursue such speculation. Whether it originated by accident or design, and much may be said for either explanation, the significant fact is that the movement for the organization of labor banks is the first unorthodox activity of American trade unions which has fired the imagination of leaders and members and which has met in its early beginnings with quick and tangible success. Nothing trade unions have done for years has aroused such interest and enthusiasm. It may, perhaps, be true that support of the movement rests on a vision of future business control. But a simpler explanation is the more likely. In spite of the difficulties and problems of the period of organization and expansion, labor banks have proved themselves to be of immediate service to both labor organizations and their constituencies. As long as that continues to be the case, they will grow in number and in size.

Great as these services have already been they can be thoroughly appreciated only by experience. Aside from the influence of the coöperative features of these banks, their clients have come to regard these institutions as their own. They deal here with a freedom and assurance that do not characterize their relations with other banks. In addition to its technical personnel, each labor bank has among its officers at least one person who represents the union. The road to censure or praise of such a person is short and straight. He is like every other union official a servant of the organization, designated to extend to the members of the union and to others the facilities of a financial institution. Under such management, the small depositor and the small borrower can receive every consideration without impairing at all any of the elements of safety and stability which are essential to sound financial practice.

A labor organization, furthermore, has means of approach to its members which other institutions do not have. It is equipped with special agencies of publicity, in which a large proportion of its members have considerable confidence. With few exceptions members of an established union are likely to consider with favor suggestions and advice given by their own newspapers. Warren Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for example, has frequently written in the organization's monthly journal to members of his organization explaining the disastrous effects of careless and ignorant investment. Locomotive engineers fall in the higher income levels of wage-earners. They have some funds for investment or when they die they leave their families moderate estates, which are in turn invested. Such investments show a record of substantial loss. The Locomotive Engineers, through their banks and their investment corporation, are now accomplishing with their members what it would be difficult for a private institution to achieve.

Pressure from the membership of the same nature but for another purpose explains, in part, the entry by the banks of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers into the business of remitting money to Russia. Many of the members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, like those of the other needle trades unions, are foreign born and have friends and families in Russia, whom they are desirous of assisting with gifts of money. Because of the widespread speculation in ruble exchange and the consequent enormous losses suffered by poor people, the banking authorities of New York state forbade banks to engage in the business of Russian remittances. Less than a year ago, first through the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago and later through the Amalgamated Bank of New York, there began the shipment of actual American dollars into Russia. The elimination of ruble speculation and evidence of the security of the service led to a modification of the rule in New York. Up to the present time the two Amalgamated Banks have served, in this connection, nearly 90,000 persons and have sent to Russia more than $2,200,000.

Such undertakings are merely illustrative. In response to the stimulus of labor banks many persons now have savings accounts who never saved before and their number is increasing daily. There is also already considerable evidence that labor banks will contribute to the more widespread ownership of homes among workingmen. In the main, however, labor banks are engaged primarily in building up their resources. In this regard they are organized and operated like most ordinary banking institutions. They receive deposits, time and demand, extend loans to business men and private persons, do a foreign exchange business, make real estate loans, and distribute their resources among the various types of investments. In short, they act like ordinary commercial and savings banks.

Important as these functions are they are a long step from the achievement of business and financial control. The business of investment banking has not yet been approached by labor organizations and the kind of problems which Justice Brandeis discussed so forcibly and so lucidly in Other

* Labor's Money, by Richard Boeckel. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. $1.50.

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People's Money still remain unsolved. The functions of underwriting security issues and of participating in corporate management are far from being assumed by either labor banks or their parent organizations, the trade unions. Even discrimination as among various fields of investment, for considerations other than safety or yield, is narrowly restricted by the practical requirements of successful operation. It is true, to be sure, that the Locomotive Engineers have in the past year organized an investment corporation; but it is as yet a small institution. For the realization of their powers in this direction, the leaders of the financial enterprises of trade unions must wait upon greater resources and more experience.

At the same time the potential resources of labor banks are simply enormous. Existing labor banks have not begun to tap them. Statistical estimate is here a hazardous undertaking. But there can be no question that a large proportion of the saving and capital accumulation of the country is done by wage-earners, a fair share of whom are members of labor organizations. A recent report of the Federal Reserve Bank, based on the returns of 885 banks distributed through the United States, shows an increase in savings deposits in the last year of nearly $600,000,000 or about ten percent. The total savings deposits of the same banks are nearly $7,000,000,000. Assuming an annual wage-earners' income of, say, $30,000,000,000 it is not hard to regard the future of labor finance with assurance. So far workingmen have not come to their own banks in vast numbers. Habit and inertia play their parts in the labor movement as well as elsewhere. But an ever increasing diversion of resources may be expected after labor banks have lived through a period of trial, in which they have proved that they can operate safely and profitably.

Labor banks have begun their work conservatively and wisely. To their operation they have brought men experienced in the arts of traditional banking. They are observing the known rules of safety in banking. The stuff for future progress is at their disposal. They can use it if they are able to solve their problems of personnel. For to win the prizes of control for the people requires men not alone trained in the technique and routine of bank operation, but alive also to the wider implications of their function as labor bankers.

LEO WOLMAN.

Some Consolations of History

ON March 19, 1808, the Columbian Centinel of Boston, discussing the rapidly growing power of the press and the multiplication of newspapers throughout the Union, remarked, "Since the introduction of newspapers and the practice of preserving regular files of them, it may safely be affirmed, that they furnish the best picture of manners, and the most important materials for authentick history, which the republick of letters has ever enjoyed. It will be the office of future historians to collate and compare the different accounts after the ephemeral passions which have heightened the colors shall have been forgotten, and the causes which excited those passions shall only be the subject of pity or regret."

Professional historians have long since demonstrated the truth of the above remarks but it is doubtful whether the ordinary reader appreciates the entertainment and profit yielded by even a cursory study of the musty files to be found in such abundance in many of our libraries. Of special interest are the papers of the first two decades of our national history. Politics had ceased to be local. New leaders were appearing. It was an age of world disturbance and as in our day a new European philosophy was questioning established institutions and beliefs.

Through their pages pass the great men of the day not with the dignified strut of the histories, but often furtively and sometimes with heads lowered and collars raised against pelting abuse or howls of a popular execration. The marine news, and ship chandlers' advertisements of "pistols, cutlasses, round shot and high grade cannon powder" may evoke visions of a more romantic age when privateers and pirates, instead of bootleggers and high jackers frequented coastal waters. An occasional item such as that urging protection of flies as being "among our best friends in summer months, purifying the atmosphere by destroying putrefaction" may indicate the backwardness of scientific knowledge. But after all, the most striking feature of newspaper literature is its vivid picture of unchanging human nature. American life may have had greater simplicity a century and a quarter ago, its range of interests commercial or intellectual may have been somewhat narrower, but how slight has been the change of attitude on fundamental social and political problems.

In the last few years there has been a tremendous outpouring in answer to the general question "What is the matter with the present age?" Our shortcomings have been attributed to almost every agency from the Bolshevik Revolution and Darwinism to the Ford motor car. Yet has there been any more sweeping indictment than that published

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in the Independent Chronicle of Boston, June 12, 1800, as a picture of the "characteristics of the present age?"

"Mental indifference and apathy, insensibility of disposition, selfishness, absence of shame, contempt for opinion, disregard of appearances and consequences." "This dreadful change" is attributed to "habits of ease and indulgence, as well as to luxury and dissipation, to the facility with which not only the necessaries but the comforts of life may be obtained. . . . The great improvements which mankind has made in commerce, agriculture and the arts, enable them to acquire the means of subsistence at much less expense of labor than heretofore was necessary for the same purpose; and every class of society is in possession of enjoyments which were formerly confined to those of a superior station."

For almost five years we have had incessant agitation about conspiracies against American institutions. Far away Moscow has been the centre of nefarious plots. It has served as the theme of much bad fiction and worse poetry. Newspaper editors, chambers of commerce and bar associations have seen visions of the Reds looting the safe deposit vaults of the local trust company and filling the gutters of Main Street with the blood of wise and good people like themselves. A prominent politician, advertised as imperturbable, has been moved to the depths of his being by the pernicious activities of liberal clubs in the women's colleges.

Yet for six or seven years around the beginning of the nineteenth century, the American public swallowed greedily great doses of similar humbug. The wicked Illuminati, a nefarious organization originating in Bavaria, had undermined public and private morals in France and produced the terrible upheavals of the great revolution. They were now at work in America and similar results impended. "War, murders, executions, robberies, profligacy of manners, impurity and atheism" had swept France, declared a writer in the Connecticut Courant, September 15, 1800. "Can we expect to share any better fate? . . . Neighbors will become the enemies of neighbors, brothers of brothers, fathers of their sons, and sons of their fathers. Murder, robbery, rape, adultery, and incest will be openly taught and practised, the air will be rent with cries of distress, the soil soaked with blood, and the nation black with crimes." Surely a description worthy of a place in the Boston Transcript, a hundred and twenty years later. Yet people honestly believed in this conspiracy. Intolerance and fear were abroad in the land.

Typical of this fear is an oration by Thomas Day, a member of the Williams College faculty, delivered on the Fourth of July, 1799, and reported in the Farmer's Museum of July 22. According to Mr. Day, a great organization was at work throughout the land: "Its numbers are immense; its strength is formidable; its resources are ample; its efforts not half exhausted are directed against the peace and happiness of every nation under Heaven." "We are told," says a writer in the Connecticut Courant in 1800, "that our countrymen will not engage in hostilities and commit enormities even if the Constitution be destroyed and revolution effected." But let it be remembered that the same means are being used to excite class hatred, which have already produced the horrors of the Reign of Terror. "Our government is denounced as tyrannical, our rulers as royalists, rich men as harpies preying on the heart's blood of the poor, taxes as laid to enrich the few at the expense of the many. Besides, we have thousands of foreigners in this country, the refuse of Europe, who have fled from the pillory and the gallows and are here stirring up rebellion, watching for plunder, and rioting in the thoughts of dividing the property of the honest and industrious. The most violent and most to be dreaded among these foreigners are the Frenchmen and Irishmen." "The United Irishmen, Frenchmen, and destitute rabble of our cities," says the New England Palladium, December 31, 1802, in a warning addressed to the farmers, "would number more than sixty thousand, yet William the Conqueror with that number or less changed the land titles throughout England. In France, the revolution changed the owners of the land. Every complete revolution will do it. Our next will do it."

Russians and Lithuanians rather than Frenchmen and Irishmen now serve popular bogeys and Moscow has replaced Paris as the source of all political and social abominations, but the spirit is the same. Yet all the above furore was raised over the progress of the Democratic party led by Thomas Jefferson and other worthies who now occupy honored places in the hearts of their countrymen.

There are undeniable conditions justifying the restrictive immigration policy of the present day, but the nativism of the Ku Klux and similar organizations, the lack of sympathy for the immigrant's problems, the tendency for the unthinking to hold him responsible when an outbreak of lawlessness or chicken pox occurs in the community are nothing new. The Columbian Centinel, March 2, 1799, denounces "the inconsiderate, short sighted policy of indiscriminately inviting foreigners among us," and declares that "honest men and good citizens are as rare among them as worshippers of the true God in Sodom and Gomorrah." "Exotics from the hotbeds of foreign countries have been so fostered in this country," declares the Massachusetts Spy, March 10, 1802, "as to overtop its native plants, which languish under their rank and pestiferous shade. . . . Foreign vices are imported to your once virtuous shores. The customs, the

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manners and even the dress and diction of Europe have been servilely aped. Profligate Europeans teach you how to dress, how to speak, and how to think. Their chaffy and corrupting books disgrace your libraries and pollute the minds of your children."

Do the flappers of 1923 cause our editors to shake their heads and wonder to what end the race is coming? Listen to the editor of the Boston Repertory, September 25, 1804, when he delivers a lengthy opinion on women's fashions and especially that of appearing "clad in transparent muslin when clad at all. . . . With regard to dancing vulgarity has proved equally successful. The Scotch step, the Irish Shuffle, and the partridge waddle, have triumphed over the graceful minuet and elegant cotillion. A strange rage for imitating low life seems the epidemic malady of the age, a compliment which democracy has extorted from us, or else it must be one of those unaccountable freaks which fashion sometimes plays."

There is a strangely familiar sound in the following editorial from the Repertory, June 7, 1804, on the subject of higher education. "The facility with which the honors of college are obtained induces many to pass through the forms of what is falsely denominated a liberal education, merely for the name, and obtaining the name, their views are accomplished. Education thus becomes in every sense of the word, too cheap. . . . We must give up the idea of bringing our highest degrees of instruction within the reach of everyone, or we must give up the chances of being favored with men of complete erudition. What is lost by bestowing useless and imperfect knowledge on many, might well be employed in perfecting the education of a few." However there are signs of improvement and "the officers of several colleges are aiding the tendency to reformation, by exacting higher qualifications on admission than have of late been required."

When we see our contempories proclaiming the impending downfall of our institutions it should comfort us to remember that our forefathers were equally excited over similar phenomena. Thomas Jefferson did not destroy the funding system, neither did he succeed in keeping us out of war. The French revolutionary philosophy had no great permanent influence on American morals, but it did further various humanitarian reforms, liberty of opinion and the scientific spirit. Progress is slow and it may be debated whether it is not largely material, human nature remaining changeless and unchangeable. Such was apparently the opinion of the writer in the Columbian Centinel when on August 14, 1799, he made the following predictions, singularly accurate when we remember the terrible decade just closing and the still more terrible period about to follow. "A few enthusiasts in politics like Peter the Hermit have set the world on fire—millions of lives are to be sacrificed, and whole nations are to be laid waste—but men after all will have kings and priests, religion and government. All the fine prospects of liberty and equality will pass away like the blaze of a meteor. Men will be no more governed by reason a century hence than they were a century ago; fools and knaves will be as numerous in future as they have been in times past. Some men will be rich and others poor. Some will be wise enough to save their property, and others will be villainous enough to plunder it. There will be governments to punish and rogues to be punished. . . . The merchant will explore the four seas for wealth, the speculator will hazard all upon a bargain, the gamester upon a cast of the die. The clergyman will preach—the lawyer will labor in ponderous folios for arguments to convince a judge who does not understand him, and plead for a cause which would be better determined by the turn of a cent. There will be tyrannical fathers, faithless husbands, scolding wives and lawless children. Men will still be subject to pain and disease—they will send for doctors—and between disease and the doctor all must finally die—and all this the fine theories of Condorcet and Godwin to the contrary notwithstanding. Any blockhead may know this who has lived half an age—yet France will put the world to the expense of ten million lives, to prove what an ordinary blockhead may know by a few years reading and observation."

The fine theories of 1919 seem to be of much the same order. Some may, like those of 1799 be of permanent influence, but as the old Boston editor predicted we shall doubtless have fools and knaves a century hence in about present proportions.

WILLIAM A. ROBINSON.

Breath

This is the long, long song that is never sung,
What every lover of life has known as wine;
This that is speech forever on the tongue,
Forever missing shape of word, too fine
A passion to be tempered by a sound—
This that is honey of sun and the rain taste of the ground.

Little has ever been known of this or said,
Little need ever be said and little known;
This that falls away from the lips a thread,
Impalpable and glittering, is blown
And lost upon the elements like light—
This that is water of dawn and the sweet black ice of night.

Over the head Time poises like a wave,
Shielding an hour within its curving length,
An hour that has no thing to offer save
A curious pipe of madness and a strength—
This rhythm mixing lightly with the blood,
This tonic of dusk and leaves and drink of the moon's tart flood.

HAZEL HALL.

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The Bandwagon

Good News for the Farmer.

The monotonous talk of the "depression" of farm prices relative to general prices is a myth, and a myth that decidedly needs exploding by business men who wish to think straight at the present time.

—The Trade Service, New York City.

Why Have a New Party When the Old Ones Have Different Names?

Washington, D. C.—Harry F. Sinclair, head of the Sinclair Consolidated and a big figure in the world's oil industry; was examined today by the Senate Committee investigating the leasing of the Teapot Dome Naval Reserve to him. Senator Walsh, Democrat, asked whether Mr. Sinclair had not contributed to G. O. P. campaign funds in 1920.

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair, laconically.

"How much?"

"I don't recall," said the witness.

Senator Walsh was proceeding to develop signs of an alliance when Senator Smoot interrupted.

"But you also contributed to Democratic campaign funds, did you not?" asked the Utah Senator.

"Yes," said Mr. Sinclair, in the same tone he used before.

"How much?"

"I don't recall."

His Impression Is Favorable

It is Ben Hur, The Prodigal Son and the Bible rolled into one. It is the biggest contribution to the motion picture industry. It is C. B. De Mille's personal triumph and his everlasting monument; nothing that will be done in the future will rival this story, based on solid truth and fact.

—Mr. S. R. Kent, publicity manager for the producer.

The New Day in Colorado.

Love is fundamental. Love is as applicable in Africa as in America. What about love in business, you say? In my judgment business will only be right when it puts service first and finance second. I saw an illustration of this when I was in Colorado a few years ago in the coal mines. There was the greatest bitterness, but just as soon as love was introduced men began to trust each other.

—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Why the Mertons Join the Movies.

Be a movie actor or actress! Join the silent army of favorites of the films! Let millions learn to applaud your appearance on the screen! Be loved and lauded by the mighty public! Be known in the palaces of the great and wealthy and in the cottages of the lowly! . . .

At first it is a little annoying and inconvenient to be stared at, but after a while one realizes that it is advertising and that the more people who recognize them, the greater will become their claim upon the public.

—Advertisement of the Film Information Bureau, Jackson, Mich.

Belascosity

Laugh, Clown, Laugh, from the Italian of Fausto Martini, by David Belasco and Tom Cushing. Belasco Theatre, November 29, 1923.

In the theatre of late years we have had so much too much of the natural-born, the casual, the incidental and the numb, that it is easy to praise the professional side of Mr. Belasco. The performance of Martini's Ridi, Pagliacci, considerably adapted no doubt for the occasion, shows a great amount of theatrical technique on Mr. Belasco's part. The actors get on with their business, they have their characters mapped out clearly upon them, they know what they are supposed to be doing when they are alone and when they are together on the stage; about everything that these actors of Mr. Belasco's do there is an air of intention, instruction, and professional practice. The first scene in the office looks office-like enough; the balcony and the day outside, the street music and the several doors, all come off successfully. And nothing could be more expert than the management of the circus dressing-room, from which you can see down into the spaces of the auditorium, from which you see the lights glancing on the ceiling, from which you hear such an excellent imitation of a far-off orchestra and a girl's singing. And finally in the last act that perfect swash and veering of rain beyond the windows of the clown's room could not be bettered by the weather god himself.

All these movements and characters, these doors and rooms and this windy water, participate in the famous Belasco magic. In this the famous wizard of the Broadway theatre shows himself the most expert man in America so far as the more easily discerned technicalities of the theatre are concerned. It is bang-up, finished, successful. It flatters the perceptions of the average audience with its rattling subtleties. Its nuances leap and blaze even for common eyes. And it finally trails on off into a bright line of details in the program, which also flatters our sense of infinite pains. In the earlier program for Mrs. Fiske's Mary, Mary Quite Contrary there was a whisper that went even further than anything in Laugh, Clown, Laugh: the new lighting—which we were invited to consider, as tried now for the first time—had been derived from Mr. Belasco's study of the rainbow and perfected by experiments with silver bowls—what a transport of pure romantic joy that was, rainbows and silver bowls where a dull laboratory assistant would have used mere tin pans and the spectroscope, base instruments toward a lighting that was to rival the day's sun. A crowd talent is what Mr. Belasco shows in all this, smart theatre talent carried into printing terms, into popular sharing of artistic profits. In general this method and practice piques our wonder. And what's more it builds up the realm of sheer art and not life that the theatre is. It conduces to straight theatrical pleasure of a kind, and so establishes for the average man the difference between art and life, and gives him some of the purer pleasure in art taken as itself. Mr. Belasco has done a great deal to keep alive in this confused theatrical generation the idea that art is art not life, that the theatre is a thing that exists in its own terms. Such a point of view frees the theatre, or any art, for its own ends. And for this Mr. Belasco is to be admired. It may be very third-rate theatre that he gives us but it is theatre.

Mr. Belasco's weaker side consists in the fact that though his productions are such professional and expert

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and thorough theatrical art, they are in any important sense not much art at all. And this is for a reason that is clear enough.

You rarely, if ever, find Mr. Belasco going to the bottom of a scene—much less a play—to discover what is its essential shape and meaning. With all his pains, his training, his advertised research he is apt to give you everything except one thing, the point. In this Laugh, Clown, Laugh, for example, the first and central point of the play is the glowing centre of life that the clown is. Through him life is to be set forth, alive, a quivering comic mask over the shadow of passion and simple dreams. The relation to this wistful buffoon of the young embodiment of life that the girl is, the relation of the coarser clowns to him, of the devoted housekeeper, the doctor and the aristocratic and debonair young friend who finally takes away the girl, all these are the essential line on which the play travels. But in this production these elements are expedited, fuddled, jigged, detailed, animated, without ever finding a significant base.

Mr. Barrymore's Tito, for instance, was a sincere and wistful performance, a serious piece of work by an actor with a solid technical equipment and an earnest intention in what he does. But Mr. Barrymore was not a clown, he was more a pathetic bum, a hint of hobo with a circus acumen. He had fine passages, not so much as the clown but as a human being; in them he brought genuine feeling to the moment he portrayed. But he never had any biting, riotous, and infectious glow of life in him. There was never in Mr. Barrymore's clown the wild shadow and grimace of a passionate rich nature in the midst of ironical life and circumstance. There was no comic sarcasm. And that was why to so many people it seemed that the play should have ended with the next to the last scene. When that scene ends we know that Tito has lost to the other man the girl he loves, we know that everything is over for him. The final act appears to be unnecessary and merely obvious repetition. What the dramatist intends, however, is quite another matter. The intention of the dramatist is that the final scene should state in fresh and living terms the conclusion that in a sense has already been arrived at. In the fantastic body and soul of the clown there alone in his room we are to see this tragic event restated; we are to get affairs and events now in terms of the clown himself, his quality has become the entire medium for the final statement. And that result could have been achieved only through Mr. Barrymore's exhibiting the essential glow and ironical dark vividness from which the character evolves; with that he could create anew and conclusively the character and scene. As it was, the last act turned out to be dull and perplexing.

Mr. Belasco rarely in the midst of all his scenic detail, his brocades from authentic places, his water and chairs and house fronts et cetera, discovers any significant design that reinforces in its dramatic essentials the scene involved. And in the groups and movements of his actors, though these affairs are neatly and expertly accomplished in play after play of his, Mr. Belasco does not find often any visual equivalent for the essential idea of the scene. He does not create any line, any movement or business, that carries the essential idea of the scene into what may be a visual truth. Take Mr. Barrymore, for instance again, in that last scene when the clown arranges the mirrors and lights on the floor before he does his last act of all and stabs himself. As Mr. Barrymore and Mr. Belasco do it there is nothing visually important in this scene at all, no business that comes straight into the eye and mind, no single line established, no essential design of movement that might in itself drive into us the truth of the moment. The scene as it stands now is busy, serious and inconsequent. But if thought out through and through and given a design, it might convey to us the very soul of the clown's sorrow and the very essence of the fantastic turn that the life in him was sure to take.

Every worker in art has the right to choose the surface he will give to his work; it may be as elaborate, as simple, as ornate or trained or elementary as he likes. But it never is anything at all, least of all itself, without the security of its underlying essential, its idea.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Defence of Mr. Wilson

SIR: In your article, The Obstacle to Peace in Europe, you make the Treaty of Versailles the obstacle and proceed: "It was fortunate for the American people that the Senate did not ratify it. The refusal was not the ignoble and cowardly repudiation which Mr. Wilson makes it out to be. He himself rendered inevitable the ultimate resumption by the United States of freedom of action by associating American responsibility to Europe with the enforcement of a Treaty which consecrated more completely than ever before the reign of force in European politics. The Treaty gave to France the opportunity of destroying Germany by due process of law."

The truth is that the Senate opposed, not the harsh features of the Treaty, but the beneficent League of Nations Covenant. If Messrs. Lodge, Knox et al could have detached the League, they would have accepted the Treaty. The ignoble and cowardly deed was the repudiation of the League. The consequent weakening of the League manifestly made possible the reign of force which you deplore.

Mr. Wilson, you will remember, saw so little hope of accomplishing his ends at Versailles that he once ordered the George Washington to be in readiness to take him home. To persist or not to persist was a harder problem than Hamlet's "to be or not to be." Mr. Wilson persisted; he attained some of his objects, the most notable and essential being the League of Nations. "We have killed Mr. Wilson's League," declared Senator Lodge triumphantly at the Republican National Convention in 1920. And yet you blame Mr. Wilson and have blamed him since 1918 and now declare, in strange company with the selfish isolationists, that the action of the Senate was fortunate and was not ignoble or cowardly.

Finally, are you right in asserting that France is destroying Germany "by due process of law"? The best jurists in England and America deny this and agree with Mr. Wilson that France has scrapped the Treaty.

In all this, are you fair to a man, who deliberately wrecked his life, using his best judgment, that justice and mercy might prevail?

JOHN F. MOORS.

The Real Sanderson of Oundle

SIR: I have read with great interest, and some amusement, Mr. Read Bain's letter in your issue of November 28. Having known Sanderson of Oundle personally, I find it as difficult to take Mr. Bain's doubts seriously as he did to accept Mr. Wells's portrait as that of a *real* Headmaster. Fortunately I am able to assure your correspondent that Sanderson was indeed a very real personage, and that in my opinion his character and achievement were not in the least overdrawn by Mr. Wells. The only thing resembling a personal bond between Mr. Wells and myself—apart from my admiration for his great talents—is that we both sent our sons to Oundle at about the same time, and for the same reasons—because we had a strong common faith in the school and its head, and because, among all the English public schools, Oundle came nearest to realizing our ideal of a great modern educational institution. Its outstanding

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attraction was that it combined the usual classical curriculum with a thoroughly efficient and well-equipped department of Applied Science and Engineering; while its great aim—unique in the English educational system—was to find out what each boy could do best, and then develop that special aptitude as far as the facilities of the School would permit. . . .

If Mr. Bain is seeking for Sanderson and Oundle in fiction, he should read Mr. Wells's novel, Joan and Peter. In the story, as I recall it, the guardian of Peter, searching for a suitable school for the boy, discovers Oundle and its great Headmaster —both thinly disguised under fictitious names, but readily recognizable by all friends of the school. . . .

F. L. Bosqui.

New York City.

The Height of College Women

SIR: In your comment on my paper, Some of the Causal Factors in the Increased Height of College Women reprinted from the Journal of the American Medical Association, August 18, 1923, you raised an interesting question.

Observations made during the past two years may be of interest in relation to the height of daughters and their parents.

Among 530 college women who entered Stanford University during the past five quarters, fifty-eight percent were taller than their mothers, fifteen percent were the same height and only twenty-seven percent were shorter. Among 519 women whose height was compared to the height of their fathers, seven percent were taller, seven percent were the same height and eighty-six percent were shorter. This does not represent the full story, however, for the traditional view that a woman must be shorter tends to minimize the number who report that they equal their fathers in height. Moreover, the dignity and importance of the head of the house is apt to convey an idea of large size whether it exists or not when the question of relative heights has never been considered before this question is raised.

Six percent were taller than both parents. We must remember also that the majority of these college girls are very young and most of them will grow considerably more, in some cases several inches, in the next few years.

Although the numbers are too small to be conclusive, does it not tend to cast doubt on the suggestion that the increased height of the modern college woman is due to the fact that they are the daughters of a very highly selected stock of successful men who are taller?

Clelia D. Mosher, M. D.

Stanford University, California.

[Not necessarily. We argued that in the last generation tall men were more likely to be successful than others and therefore more likely to send their daughters to college. We did not assume that these tall men would have married tall women. If they married women of average height, the daughters would on the average be taller than their mothers, exactly the fact as Dr. Mosher finds it.—The Editors.]

Freud and Behaviorism

SIR: J. B. Watson begins his review of Jung's book on psychological types rather characteristically, with some contemptuous remarks about psycho-analysis and psycho-analysts. He compares favorably a newer group who realize that they are "behavior diagnosticians" with the older men who are "magicians." He also tells us that "when the smoke of mystery had been cleared away it was found that most of the new principles were not so new after all."

I am quite at a loss to understand what all this vacuous affirmation is good for. Freud is, I suppose, as old an analyst as any. Is he too a magician? Were his "principles"—whatever that may mean—not new in the nineties when he announced them, or were they not new when Watson and other psychologists began to concern themselves with the matter long after? Freud's essential work was done before that of Thorndyke or Jennings, and before any of the characteristic modern developments of instinct studies. Behaviorism was still in the womb if, indeed, it had gotten so far. The only psychology then existing with usable categories was the old one, which Watson and others do not find serviceable even for ordinary laboratory purposes.

In 1909, reflection consequent on reading Jennings's book on The Behavior of the Lower Organisms led me to a rather thorough-going behaviorism. That winter I first heard of Freud and read some of his books. He seemed to me to be thoroughly behavioristic, and I still think him far and away the most important of the behaviorists. Of course I do not identify behaviorism and Watsonism.

It is unfortunate that Freud was driven to rather cumbrous formulations, but it must be borne in mind that he was beginning at the complicated end. He was not, like the laboratory psychologists, picking problems that could be reduced to their simplest terms, but then he was laboring at his vocation which meant a dwelling in the thickest mess of circumstance.

Watson's occasional reviews in the New Republic remind me strongly of reviews that I see from time to time in the psychoanalytic journals. These too have a tendency to measure the aberrations of others by simply stating their divergence from what the reviewer thinks acceptable. The method is neat in its simplicity, but appeals to only a limited audience.

Leo Stein.

Florence, Italy.

Christmas in Germany

SIR: Before the postage becomes dearer—today a letter to America costs 200,000,000 marks, on Monday 4,000,000,000 —I shall seize the occasion to write you once more. The agony of our poor country becomes more and more evident, we all fear that we stand before great disastrous events for life is no longer to be borne. The average German now earns 2,000,000,000 marks a month—this stupendous sum signifies $7.50 or six gold marks. This sum is spent for bread, potatoes and margarine—no means to have one's shoes repaired or even to buy new ones. Thousands and thousands silently support this starvation, the general famine has reached an incredible extension. You who dwell in a happy land cannot imagine the immense lot of sorrows that fill our daily life. And nowhere any hope of a better future. Millions of Germans—among them I, too—will lose their positions on December 1 in consequence of the law that diminishes the number of the functionaries and employees. Oh, what a sad Christmas we shall have this year! Day by day I try to get another place, but in vain. Nevertheless I don't despair, God will help in just time! . . . I fear you will gradually become tired of my sad letters full of perpetual complaints, but life is so sad, so dreary and loathsome to us now that most of the educated Germans have no other wish but to leave their country and to seek a better fortune abroad.

Hans Halle.

Berlin, Germany.

Translations of the New Testament

SIR: The review of Goodspeed's The New Testament, an American Translation, by P. L., in the New Republic of November 28, is singularly irritating to read. The naïve assumptions of this reviewer, coupled with his apparent ignorance of earlier modern-speech translations of the New Testament, combine to make his review at once an over-laudation and an expression of contempt for Professor Goodspeed's work.

Your reviewer, assuming that it is "uneducated" readers to whom the language of the Authorized Version is an obstacle, and that there is a genuine "seventeenth-century music" in the words of that version, goes far astray. From the point of view of one acquainted with contemporary English as it is written by those who write it well, the language of the older version of the New Testament is gross and crude, not to say ungrammatical and unrhetorical. The structure of the older versions is such as we hardly expect even an eighth-grade child to perpetrate today: a string of "taggy" sentences, connected with "and's" in undue profusion. Our familiarity has made us believe that there is any music in the language of the authorized version—exactly as familiarity has made us accept excessively syncopated jazz in recent years.

Professor Goodspeed's translation is far from being the first modern-speech version. One of the finest was produced some twenty years ago by a group of scholars, under the title The Twentieth Century New Testament. Shortly after that, Weymouth's version, preferred by many, appeared. An "American New Testament," issued in separate books, followed soon after-

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wards. What the Goodspeed translation does is at best to gild the fine gold of good English of the Twentieth Century and Weymouth versions.

For my own part, I find the "glimpses of paintings" and all the other poetic associations in the modern-speech versions rather than in the irritatingly childish crudeness of the Authorized Version.

STEPHEN G. RICH.

Essex Fells, New Jersey.

Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Flexner

SIR: Lloyd George, during his recent visit to America, told an interviewer that he had been reading about Theodore Roosevelt. "The best thing he ever said," continued the little Welsh giant, "was 'Every time I say *thou shalt not steal,* there's a panic in Wall Street.' That is what you would call a great line."

Is not this from Abraham Flexner also a great line? "If teachers, doctors, engineers, bankers, manufacturers, and railroad managers were made as intelligent as, at the present level of human knowledge, they might be, and as devoted as, at the present level of human ethics, they should be, the world organism would not, of course, run perfectly, but it would run much better than it does."

EZRA BOWEN.

Lafayette College.

From the Michigan Public Utilities Commission

SIR: My attention has just been called to an article appearing on page 215 of your edition of October 24, 1923, in which you make reference to a letter written by me, as member of the Michigan Public Utilities Commission, to the Department Commander of the United Spanish War Veterans, at Detroit, Michigan. I feel that you have done me an injustice in this article about this matter, and for that reason I want to give you full information.

On July 10, 1923, I received a letter from Mr. Thomas J. Barrett, Department Commander, of the United Spanish War Veterans, Detroit, Michigan, advising that there was a feeling on the part of an officer of one of Detroit's public utilities, if his company should make a donation to the United Spanish War Veterans' Association, he was fearful that this Commission would object to it. There was nothing to indicate that the money was to be used for any purpose except the legitimate expenses of the Association.

On July 12, I answered this letter, and, in addition to the quotation you give which is made up of two sentences taken from different parts of the letter, I said, "In the first place this Commission has no authority to say whether a public utility shall contribute funds for your cause or any other."

After reading the article in the New Republic, I wrote a letter to Mr. Barrett, a copy of which I enclose.

MICHIGAN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION
SHERMAN T. HANDY,
Commissioner.

Lansing, Michigan.

[Enclosure]

October 31, 1923.

Mr. Thomas J. Barrett, Commander,
Department of Michigan U. S. W. V.
5105 Woodward Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to the fact that you are using my letter of July 12, in answer to your letter of July 10, for the purpose of aiding in raising funds in the City of Detroit and elsewhere, for the purpose of combatting radicalism.

I have just examined your letter of July 10, and my answer thereto, and I cannot find anything in my letter which would or could be used to assist you in any way in raising money for any purpose except to aid the veterans of the Spanish American War.

That there may be no misunderstanding, let me say that technically a utility has no right to use money collected by it from its patrons for donations of any kind, but this Commission has never raised any objection to utilities making appropriations for patriotic purposes. There should be no dispute as to what is meant by "patriotic" purposes. Donations by utility corporations for political, religious, fraternal or social organizations, are not included in the class heretofore mentioned. It would not be fair for a utility to use funds collected from its patrons, for the benefit of some of them and to the detriment of others. This would surely result in case utilities were to contribute to political, religious, fraternal or social organizations. In short, a utility corporation, if it wants to contribute to any of the latter classes, should contribute out of the funds available for return, and not charge the same to operating expenses.

I hope I have made myself clear in this matter.

Very truly yours,
MICHIGAN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMMISSION
(Signed) SHERMAN T. HANDY,
Commissioner.

"Matter enough!"

SIR: Under the above title, Professor C. E. Ayres reviews in your issue of August 29 my book, entitled Matter, Life, Mind, and God (New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company). Mr. Ayres pays me the compliment of saying that "as a statement the book is intelligible to the point of transparency." How I wish this were true. For, to judge by Mr. Ayres's review, I have failed to make my argument transparent to him.

May I have another try?

1. The purpose of my book, according to Mr. Ayres, is "to show that all these things—matter, life, mind, and God—are essentially the same thing." On the contrary, the purpose of my book is to insist that phenomena are qualitatively distinct, and that all attempts to identify them, e. g. by reducing the phenomena of mind and life to "nothing but physico-chemical processes," are in principle mistaken. I plead for the "autonomy" of biology and psychology, as against physics and chemistry. They have their own qualitatively distinct subject matter and must deal with it by their own irreducible concepts and laws. And, in an intellectual universe thus differentiated, there is room, I hold, for religion, too. I do not say, as Mr. Ayres asserts that I do, that there is an "essential identity" between science and religion. On the contrary, I say that they are different, but not mutually incompatible.

2. Mr. Ayres twice uses phrases calculated to suggest that I am using that "Majestic Compromise," the "anaemic Absolute." Not guilty, my Lord. I challenge Mr. Ayres to produce a single passage in my book where I use the concept of the Absolute as a part of my synoptic argument. I am almost tempted to think that Mr. Ayres is criticizing, not the book I have written, but the book which, a priori, he thinks I ought to have written.

3. This suspicion is confirmed by the fact that Mr. Ayres credits me with discussing several other topics which I do not so much as mention. According to my showing, he says, "science is revealing the ultimate nature of substance (sub-atomic physics), the metaphysical identity of space and time (relatively), the ineffable wisdom of the design of the universe (physical chemistry). . ." No, Sir, I do not deal with sub-atomic physics: I deal with A. N. Whitehead's theory of Nature as "what we perceive by the senses." I never mention relativity: I am not enough of a physicist or mathematician to have any right to do so. I say nothing of "ineffable wisdom": I merely endorse the contention of J. L. Henderson, a distinguished bio-chemist, that the dropping of the old physico-theological argument from design still leaves the facts standing to which that argument had appealed, and that for these facts a scientific explanation must be sought.

R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ.

Johannesburg, South Africa.

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

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George Moore Collected

WHEN I heard that Messrs. Boni and Liveright were preparing a collected edition of George Moore I fell upon my knees. Remembering their edition of In Strict Singleness I prayed that God would give them a good proofreader. This prayer has been granted. In the third volume, Muslin, which I have read through, I have found a solitary and negligible misprint, on page 139—*je le suis,* instead of *je le sais* or *j'y suis,* I'm not sure which. So here is a George Moore worth having—privately printed, a thousand numbered sets, if that matters to you. The volumes which have already appeared are Lewis Seymour and Some Women (formerly A Modern Lover), A Mummer's Wife, Muslin (formerly A Drama in Muslin), Spring Days, Esther Waters, Evelyn Innes, Sister Teresa, The Untilled Field, Confessions of a Young Man and Avowals, Memoirs of My Dead Life, Ave, Salve, Vale, A Storyteller's Holiday, Héloise and Abelard, this last in two volumes. Binding good, type better, paper excellent, illustrations—all but one being portraits of George Moore—of the utmost interest. My sole complaint is that the date of each preface should have been given, and the year in which each of the revised books was revised. (Although my vote is always against a man's recasting an early book, or even just correcting and touching it up, I cannot help admiring Mr. Moore's skill at this game. What novelist has played it better? Not Henry James, at any rate.)

Confessions of a Young Man is the title of one of Mr. George Moore's books and the subject of more than one. The remark is still true. For almost two-thirds of his seventy years he has collated and edited and published, ever so diligently, the evidence in the case of Moore v. Moore. He has returned to this evidence again and again, revising and annotating it with patient zest. The result is that we may all see him, now, by dint of a little good will and little will not so good, more or less as he sees himself; as a pioneer among English novelists; a feminist before feminism came into fashion; as milliner, lover, voluptuary; as a painter, a perpetual art student, a landscapist; as an impish friend in whose prose some of his friends will live longer than elsewhere. What these different Mr. Moores have in common is a good eye, a good ear, a good nose. None is without malice except the landscapist.

So far, I imagine, there is no conflict of opinion worth mentioning between Mr. Moore and us, his readers. Yet in one department his knowledge of his subject remains exclusively his. We all concede to him a natural aptitude for hurting, most intentionally, the feelings of his acquaintances. See his collected works, passim. What we don't often stop to consider, though it be obvious enough, is that such a talent springs from insight, has the same source as tact. By flashes of imaginative sympathy, and by no other light, can he see where his cuts and scratches will do most harm. Now, since he is too fickle to be uniformly malicious, since his vanity is too wayward to be always irritable, he must feel now and then an impulse to give pleasure instead of pain. Sometimes—and my guess is often—he cannot help speaking the words which are a good deed, cannot help saying "the real right thing." Oftenest, perhaps, to poor people. "There can be no question," he wrote in a preface (1899) to Esther Waters, "that to refrain . . . from despising the poor in spirit and those who do not possess the wealth of the world is certain virtue."

The knowledge of himself which Mr. George Moore keeps to himself, plus what he doesn't keep, is this greater or less in volume than the knowledge which we have of him and he hasn't? I do not know. But the further we go in his autobiographies the keener our satisfaction in acquiring this third kind of knowledge. A malicious satisfaction? Why not? No matter where we fall in with Mr. Moore, whether cloaked and tophatted on the London pavement, or at home in his pyjamas, we do not fail to notice that the trinket he is wearing never seems out of place on his sleeve. Is the little thing a heart, or does it only look like one? Its owner's ears tell him it is the scene of religious tempests, a desert where love cries out and is athirst, a sky in which anger-clouds, gathering, burst into thunder. In his ears it tumultuously beats. Ours, if we listen close, tell us that it ticks, audibly.

In this collected edition there are a dozen or more pictures of Mr. George Moore, reproductions of photographs, drawings, etchings, paintings. About some of these he has doubtless talked expertly and interestingly, about the Manet and the Mark Fisher, which as painting he must rate high. But I cannot imagine him, if he could bring himself to inspect a painting from that point of view, thinking any of them or any photograph a good likeness. None of them is the likeness of a violent man, and he sees himself as a man capable of violence, of violence in love, violence all over the place. Nor will these portraits quite satisfy his readers. As a narrator of his love affairs he has the gift of interesting us in his heroines so deeply that we should like their lover to look the part, to look fitter, not so flabby, plus amant de coeur (when talking about Mr. George Moore it is as difficult to keep one's hands off French words as it is easy when talking about France). As hero of these passionettes I for one prefer to imagine a young man in training, not voluble, a good listener, not above five feet six, often invited by his friends the sculptors to pose for a small bronze nude. Would that his heroines had seen, that posterity might see, Mr. Moore in this image, not his own! Yet well as I wish his future readers, and his light-and-heavy-o'-loves, I wish Mr. Moore equally well. May he have had as many mistresses as he thinks he remembers! But perhaps he has had them? Every writer who looks on a woman to lust after her has committed adultery with her at his desk.

Time has treated Mr. Moore kindly and unkindly. Early in youth he said to himself what he says to us in Vale: "Well-mannered people do not think sincerely, their minds are full of evasions and subterfuges." For him it was a short step from belief that sincerity is often inconsistent with good manners to belief that bad manners are always a token of sincerity. Hence those passages which Mr. Moore has inserted in the hope of outraging some of his readers, of making others blush, others guffaw, others titter. It is to the elderly teheedonist, I think, that time has been roughest. His mischievous bad manners, once so carefully shocking, no longer shocking, are now only bad. But time has bettered his prose. Time and hard work and passion, the only passion he has, have perfected it. Now and then he may feel, as once in Ave, "that the talent I brought with me into the world might have produced rarer fruit if it had been cultivated less sedulously." But oftener he may suspect, but nearly always he must know, that the diligent practice of his craft has given his later indiscretions their beautiful quietness, his later narrative its silvery ease. He has neither written too many hours nor lived too few. He has had all the experience he could use, and has used it all. P. L.

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Rich and Strange

A Lost Lady, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Horses and Men, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

Lummox, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

HERE is one "regular" novel, and two experiments. Mr. Anderson is always experimenting, groping his way toward a distant and extraordinary truth, and Miss Hurst is trying something which for her is quite new. Alone of the three Miss Cather is not experimenting. She has arrived; she is no longer in the laboratory, nor, if we look back at My Antonia, does she seem ever to have been there. Miss Hurst has just begun, and Mr. Anderson will perhaps always be on the way.

By contrast with these others, which are distinctly the product of a puzzled, seeking age, which are incomplete, which are attempts, not always successful, to break down the fortifications guarding the citadel of truth, A Lost Lady is indeed "regular." It is in the line of an old and substantial tradition of fiction. Its method is the familiar one of revealing a character by telling only what happened and what the character said. The character occupies the foreground; the author's preoccupations, if any, are happily concealed. Miss Cather does not pretend to know any more about her Lost Lady than she can make a reader understand. She accomplishes exactly what she sets out to do, and no more. Such purpose and self-restraint go far to explain the singular reality and solidity of the heroine, who remains in our minds as one of one most vivid inhabitants of any American novel of recent years, but they do not explain her charm.

Mrs. Forrester—the Lost Lady—lives in one of the small western towns which sprouted up along the railroad. Her husband, a man much older than herself, helped build the railroad, and belongs to that more adventurous, generous, free period of the railroad pioneers. The heyday of those men is well past; the prairies have been crossed and settled, and all along the railroad are growing mean, gray little towns, the spawn of narrower times and narrower hearts. In Miss Cather's phrase, we are watching "the sunset of the pioneer," when "the men who had put plains and mountains under iron harness were growing old; some were poor, and even the successful ones were hunting for rest and a brief reprieve from death. It was already gone, that age, and nothing could bring it back."

But The Lost Lady "was not willing to immolate herself, like the widow of all these great men, and die with the pioneer period to which she belonged. She preferred life on any terms." Gifted with too much life, she spent its gold freely—which was her charm, and when the gold was gone, she spent desperately the small change of it, penny by penny—which was her tragedy.

The tragedy and the charm are inextricable in Miss Cather's quiet, uninsistent account. They are impressions all the more durable because she assumes the rôle of witness rather than that of interpreter, just as in My Antonia. Mr. Sherwood Anderson, on the other hand, is an incurable interpreter, whose own explorations and questionings, often unrewarded by either discovery or answer, hang so opaquely between his characters and the reader. Mr. Anderson usually begins by insisting how remarkable or significant or wonderful is such and such a character or story he is going to explain to us. What would he have done to Mrs. Forrester, who remains remarkable in great part because Miss Cather never interrupts to recall to us how remarkable she is?

There is nothing in Horses and Men half-way as good as I Want to Know Why or The Triumph of the Egg, yet these stories are a partial recovery from the heavy, fumbling agony of Many Marriages. Mr. Anderson continues, with crude instruments and painful zeal, to work at his unreclaimed land, a fascinating, mysterious place, but a marsh none the less. Why can't he drain it? Why can't he stop his interminable explanations, which affect you, in the long run, as would ceaseless comment from a companion with whom you are listening to music very faintly heard through the wall of the next house? He is too intent on the truth about human beings, something too deep down in its burrow for him to do more than grab the end of its tail. A Sherwood Anderson story at its worst is not much more than several pages of fruitless yanking at the tail.

At their best (The Triumph of the Egg, and about three others), his stories have extraordinary poignancy and beauty, and a real grasp of the deepest, strangest things in human nature. At their next best, into which category fall most of the stories in Horses and Men, they are clumsy, slow-footed, reiterative, but somehow far more disturbing than the work of most far more competent, clear-headed writers. "Unused" is a good example, moving at times, always disquieting, but distressingly viscous.

In the Foreword Mr. Anderson makes a very revealing confession, solemn to be sure, but utterly sincere. "It may be that my eyes are blind and that I cannot see. It may be I am deaf. My hands are nervous and tremble. . . . With these nervous and uncertain hands may I really feel for the form of things concealed in the darkness?"

The material life offers to the novelist contains some good metal, and a great deal of mere mineral matter. Miss Cather extracts from this mass everything that, for her purposes, is precious. Mr. Anderson gives us an appallingly high percentage of slag with the gold. Yet his is the richer mine. Can he ever exploit it as it deserves?

Poverty of material or feeling could not be charged against either Miss Cather or Mr. Anderson. Even if the latter does not use all his wealth, both are undeniably rich. In Lummox this richness reaches the point of luxury. Miss Hurst is overwhelmingly prodigal of both feeling and language. Superficially, Lummox is a succession of shocks, sparks and purple fireworks. Under this surface flows a fairly simple story which in other hands might easily have been turned into bleak, circumstantial realism or the softest sentimentality. Miss Hurst, with a dash of both these extremes in her make-up, writes a book which in its final impression partakes of neither. Mix naked, realistic detail with simple, unrestrained emotion, and if you can then imagine the result as lurid, magnificently lurid, you come as near as possible to a description of Lummox. It contains a surprising number of very living people, all of them etched with an acid, or with a kind of zoolak of human kindness which bites too deep, leaving characters brilliantly, irritatingly underlined. Pity inspires the book, for Miss Hurst has a big heart, and a furious kind of tenderness that keeps her pulse up around 150. Beside Mr. Anderson's slow-itching, flannel-shirt tenderness, Miss Hurst's feeling blazes out as wildly as an electric sign on Broadway. Yet long after the eyes have closed on them there remains, burning the darkened lids,

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the word Lummox, in orange and green and violet letters six feet high.

While Miss Cather lets words flow from her characters, and Mr. Anderson pours his words into their lives, Fannie Hurst leaves her Bertha, the Lummox, pretty much alone, a silent Sphinx of inarticulate flesh, about whose splay-footed pedestal swirl and dash the torrential breakers of her creator's language. What a queer wild language it is, chaotic and incisive, staccato and ecstatic, parenthetical and explicit, all at once. A less solid figure than Bertha would be drowned in it or eroded away. But Miss Hurst keeps, artistically, at a distance. By entirely different means she achieves some of Miss Cather's success in not invading the secrets of a character. She never enters too inquisitively Bertha's soul, and by this act of self-restraint, almost the only kind of restraint in the book, Bertha survives. How long will she survive in readers' minds? Not as long perhaps as Mrs. Forrester, but longer than most of the characters of Mr. Anderson, who is too puzzled by them to see them clearly, and who sees in them so much more than he is able to express.

Such questions of longevity are idle. The encouraging fact is that three such very different, and each in its own way extremely interesting books, can come from these United States in one year.

Furthermore, it is encouraging that they are all chiefly concerned with people and not with some small town which suppresses or entombs the chief actors of the story. Miss Cather only faintly suggests Sweet Water, leaving it to our imagination. Miss Hurst gives us a great deal of New York, but it remains a background. For Mr. Anderson, too, the small towns in which his characters puzzle out their lives are dimly visible backdrops. And yet somehow his obscure side streets and Miss Cather's inconspicuous Sweet Water are more living, threatening and mysterious than Main Street, because their people are so much more real than the majority of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's bromidic mouthpieces. This marks the difference between the superficial and what goes beneath the surface of small towns all alike to the lives of people in them, who are all, at bottom, quite unlike one another. The portraits of individuals can be literature, as is the case with the Lost Lady, Lummox and Horses and Men; the blurring of them by making them so many numbers on a street, is something more like propaganda.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Samuel Adams

Samuel Adams, Promoter of the American Revolution, A Study in Psychology and Politics, by Ralph Volney Harlow. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

PROFESSOR HARLOW states in this new biography of Adams that his aim "has been primarily to show the man at work, and to make clear, as far as possible, why he followed his particular course." This is a common aim of biographers, and the use of psychology by the competent historian is scarcely so unusual as the author, somewhat ingenuously, appears to believe.

In carrying out his undertaking, Professor Harlow has used two methods,—one, the scholarly examination of available sources bearing on Adams's activities, and the other, an attempted application of "analytical psychology" to discover, on very inadequate data, "the secret places of the heart." In the first of these he has been unusually successful and the results are excellent. His examination of the material, both printed and manuscript, has been fairly exhaustive, and we are grateful for many extracts from hitherto unprinted sources. In his analysis of the manufacture of propaganda, and of the underground workings of the small group of extreme radicals, there is nothing which is startling to those familiar with the field, but he has made the story more complete and more convincing. The reviewer would take exception to some of his conclusions but on the whole this part of the work has been admirably performed and is a contribution of high value to our knowledge of the preliminary phases of the Revolution.

When, however, the author mounts his hobby-horse of Freud and all his works, it is the opinion of the reviewer that he has not only allowed himself to be run away with but that he has been pitched into the ditch.

Sam Adams had no head for ordinary business. He had in high degree the qualities which make the successful agitator and revolutionist. He had none for constructive statesmanship. The earlier and later portions of his life were therefore failures. It was only when events gave him opportunity to show his peculiar abilities that he rose to prominence. Having done so, having "found himself" in the common phrase, he would naturally be anxious to maintain his new position of public importance. He was also, in his hatred of England, a fanatic or "crank." There is nothing new in all this, but Professor Harlow seems to make new discoveries by translating it into terms of psychoanalysis and calling in "inferiority complexes."

Adams, he claims, was psychologically "abnormal." His hand shook and at times he had a tremulousness of voice. "Just what sort of nervous weakness it was is not clear," he admits, but states that "he was probably a neurotic." This is the physical evidence. The rest is based upon the alleged fact that Adams suspected England when there was no reason, and fought when there was nothing to fight. Therefore, he lived in a "dream world" of his own. On this basis, the author proceeds to demonstrate that the radical movement may be traced to the unstable nervous system of this one man. It is reassuring to be told that a Bostonian once suffered from an "inferiority complex." We grant that Adams probably did so but what, after all, does this explain? We have given a modern name to a long-known phenomenon but have we got any further? There were undoubtedly other men at that time who were also suffering in the same way. There were many others who were not quite "normal" nervously and who may have had shaky hands. If that is indeed the great secret of Adams why was it shaky Adams and not shaky somebody else who led the colony to eventual revolt? Psychology slips into physiology, and physiology into chemistry. It may be in the distant future that the story of the fall of Rome may be told in terms of warring microbes, or that bugs or atoms may become the leading historical figures. This is not meant to be a jibe at Professor Harlow. His method and that of certain novelists open the question as to what forms history or fiction may one day come to assume and in what terms they may be written, when their authors have passed from action to motives, from motives to the unconscious, from the unconscious to the nervous system, and from thence Heaven knows where. We want to know "causes" these days, and although finding them in successive phenomena of differing orders may be much like a child pulling an endless chain out of a hole in the wall, pleased with each new link, nevertheless, we all seem impelled unconsciously to keep tugging at it. But wherever

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it may end, we certainly have not sufficient knowledge as yet to write history as a problem in determinism, whether the determining factor be assumed to be economics, geography, climate, heredity or what not. To discover that a great man had epileptic fits is not to explain his greatness. Unfortunately they do not always go together. To name Adams a neurotic is not to explain either the whole man or the influence he had upon his fellows. The problem of personality is not so simple.

Had Professor Harlow merely tried to translate Adams into current psychological terms no harm would have been done. But having based his thesis largely on the assumption that Adams lived in a "dream world" cut off from reality, he has had to show that such was the fact, and in doing so has been tempted into special pleading. In this, it appears to the reviewer that he has occasionally distorted the facts, as in stating that the monopoly clause in the Tea Act was inoffensive to the merchants. He will have to make a stronger showing for his view before he easily overthrows that of Professor Schlesinger, with which he takes issue. Also, in trying to prove that Adams was mentally revolving in vacuo, he tends to ignore the psychology of the rest of the colonists, and those conditions which allowed Adams's influence as a crank to "take," as we say of vaccination, in the community. A body politic is always throwing off cranks, fanatics, enthusiasts as a man's healthy body is throwing off microbes. Only rarely does one become effective. We cannot explain this combination of a particular crank and a particular reaction solely in terms of the crank. Of all the efforts to write deterministic history, the most dangerous as yet would seem to be that of doing so in terms of the pathology or morbid psychology of the "great man." The attempt to do so, in this case, tends to obscure and to diminish the very real merit of the book in other respects.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

The Education of Henri Fabre

The Human Side of Fabre, by Percy F. Bicknell. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THE chief and convincing value of this centennial contribution to the Fabre literature lies in its inspiring suggestion to ambitious youth, while portraying an example of unparalleled self-education, its story of an undaunted pioneer in hitherto unexplored fields of science. Henri Fabre the entomologist, known round the world as the "Homer of the insects," who at his death, eight years ago, left a score of volumes detailing in charming and intimate fashion his investigations in natural history, has become a familiar figure. But in those volumes he has, often unwittingly, given an even more interesting account of his own life and character. This fascinating human analysis Mr. Bicknell offers in a condensed form for popular reading. He has wisely intruded very little original matter, allowing the scientist to speak for himself, as child, youth and sage.

The boy's parentage was of a family not only obscure, submerged in grinding poverty, but ignorant and complacently illiterate. The alphabet was regarded by them "as a sort of intricate puzzle wholly unprofitable except when put upon paper stamped by the government." Attempts to solve the problems of his little five-year-old existence were met with ridicule and reprimand.

It is a pathetic figure, the tiny peasant boy lifting his face to the sun, mouth open, and questioning whence came his joy, by way of mouth or eyes, and delighting in the solution of his experimentation; or hiding day after day among the bushes to finally discover that the chirping sound was "the singing of a grasshopper, not a bird;" keeping these precious discoveries treasured secrets in his heart lest mention of them bring new scorn and humiliation upon him. School was the name for a humble room where he sat day after day, barely noticed by the teacher, communing with the crude picture of an impossible, round-eyed pigeon displayed upon the cover of his dingy primer; watching the open fire upon which hung three kettles filled with beans and potatoes for the master's pigs and hens. Frequent entries of this live-stock made moments of entertainment for the children. While the master's back was turned as he drove out the intrusive animals by gently waving his kerchief, the children deftly appropriated potatoes from the kettles to add to their meager fare. In summer, scholastic duties were varied by excursions into the garden to kill the snails in the hedges. Little Henri could not bear to crush the beautiful things, in their lovely, spiral shells, but filled his pockets with them for future fascinated contemplation.

At the age of ten, he is in a real school, working to pay his way and gloating over the Georgics of Vergil. Dire poverty makes it necessary to leave school, and he joins a gang of railway workmen. Here we find him dining on a bunch of grapes to buy a book of poems with which he stifles the pangs of hunger. Winning a free scholarship, he entered the normal school at Avignon. The teaching was lifeless, the subjects dull. His teachers reported him as "lazy, and of very moderate intelligence." Stung by this report, he astonished every one by doing two and a half years' work in one semester, passing his examinations and receiving his diploma.

At eighteen he obtained an appointment as teacher at a salary of $130 per annum. His work was elementary, and his desire to impart some little knowledge of chemistry to his motley crew of youngsters was an unprecedented and hazardous undertaking, especially as his only preparation was a free lecture on oxygen which he had once attended. But with a textbook and his spare moments for preparation, he made a brilliant success of his experiments, attracting new students to the school.

As in later life when his disasters and failures always seemed to inevitably drive him to indulgence in his early "suppressed desire," entomology, so in his youth, abject poverty drove him to what seem to us abnormal feats of prodigious mental activity. One day a young man preparing for a government position came asking for private lessons in algebra. Fabre knew nothing of algebra but the name. He had no book, nor were there any means of buying one. But giving himself twenty-four hours' start, and abstracting a volume bearing the title "Algebra" from the dusty shelf of a colleague, he taught the lad, so that he passed his examination with distinction. A mastery of analytical geometry was no less dramatically interesting, for Fabre was engaged as a pupil, but after the first lesson he became the instructor.

The undaunted courage and fervid enthusiasm of an avid mind, eager and alert, trained and disciplined by hardship and denial, made self-reliant through absence of all sympathy and congenial association; this is the motif of the book and the story of the Human Side of Fabre.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON.

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Auer and Rimsky-Korsakoff

My Long Life in Music, by Leopold Auer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00.

My Musical Life, by Nicolay Andreyevich Rimsky-Korsakoff, translated from the revised second Russian edition by Judah A. Joffe, edited with an introduction by Carl van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.00.

THAT lives lived in terms of musical tone may not readily be relived in words is the first conclusion to be drawn from these two autobiographies, both translated from an intermediary language, and thus both twice removed from the musical medium of original expression.

A second glance at the two titles: My Long Life in Music and My Musical Life suggests, however, an immediate divergence borne out in the reading. Leopold Auer has lived his seventy-eight years *in* music, among musical surroundings, spending himself on making musicians, interpreting and transmitting his art. Rimsky-Korsakoff has lived music itself, surrounded, it is true, by the incidental trappings of his profession, but for all his lessons and transcriptions and articles and conductorships, a remote figure, forging his life in creative solitude.

My Long Life in Music might be called the Auer-glass of the century's turn. Here is a man who stood as a promising youngster before Rossini, Berlioz and Liszt, a reverential junior among the Rubinsteins and Karl Goldmark, Wieniawski and Vieuxtemps, Joachim, Brahms and Tschaikowsky, a contemporary witness to the great Five, an elder but appreciative colleague of the youth Paderewski, and a patriarchal master of Seidel, Zimbalist, Elman and Heifetz.

Down the velvet aisles of such a distinguished throng, Auer has gathered and recorded a great many more or less significant facts, and a few outstanding impressions. He gossips vividly of Princess Metternich and the Parisian Tannhäuser, he notes with equal care how the streets of Christiania and Hanover, Wiesbaden and St. Petersburg (emphatically *sic*) are architecturally assembled. His description of the Coronation of Alexander III reads like the stage directions to the second act of The Swan. He has had sharp eyes for the wax candles of Abdul Hamid II and a reminiscent palate for that potentate's warm champagne.

Beyond this preoccupation for the green-room, Auer gives scant space to the real matter of his life. His recent book on violin pedagogy hardly warrants so brief a summary of his methods in his autobiography as:

> The responsibility of guiding students of exceptional talent is a serious one: the slightest deviation from the true course of procedure may be attended by the most unhappy results. And the question of deciding which is the right or wrong line of development for the individual student remains a matter of instinct, good judgment, hope, and personal artistic preference.

Even his moments of warmest elation are ticked off to a commonplace time. He glows over the flawless Heifetz and Seidel playing a Bach Concerto in sailor-suits, but his climax falls to the appreciative speech of an out-of-town guest.

Nevertheless, it is Auer who in a chance but pertinent remark, shall introduce Rimsky-Korsakoff, his elder by one year. "He rarely spoke; but when he did speak, he expressed himself with decision." Auer has said his easy say for 371 pages covering seventy-eight years. Rimsky-Korsakoff in a somewhat longer book concentrates his decisive utterance on the first half-century of this period, closing it in 1906, two years before his death.

As a story-teller, the composer has fewer flashes of illumination than the violinist, but they are more keen, just as the Ryepin portraits that punctuate his admirably disposed volume are more suggestive than the generous provision of photographs in Auer's. He exposes his amateur weakness as a professor at the Conservatory with a most picturesquely impersonal abandon. In skilful shorthand he "covers" Augusta Holmès's décolletée and the Borodin cats, while his children are born with the succinctness of the generations of Noah in the Book of Genesis.

Where Rimsky-Korsakoff allows himself expansion, however, is just where the reader that had been tempted into so vast and serious a document would wish to expand. He traces as on a fever chart his course from the revolutionary fraternity of Balakireff to the dignified if progressive patronage of Byelyayeff, the Maecenian publisher. He coolly analyzes the chafing control of Tsarist bureaucracy, he speaks impartially for and against his editing of Moussorgsky. It is no path of roses, either for reader or author, this "trial by error" that developed the strumming midshipman into the liberated master who could not only himself compose, but present in the richest form the genius of many less systematic and more original spirits.

If Auer cosily admits us to the supper-parties of the great during three-quarters of a century, Rimsky-Korsakoff sternly leads us to the vast inchoate work-shop of his national music. By neither book can we actually participate, it is inevitably true, but by the latter we approach more closely the birth-struggles of Russia's voice.

MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE.

Mid-Western Realism

J. Hardin & Son, by Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

WESTWARD the course of the novel takes its way. By all odds the best-recognized "literary school" in the United States today is that of the mid-western realists. They have developed a formula which is on the verge of becoming a stereotype: the small town with growing pains, the sensitive misfit hero, the few unhappy sophisticates, his friends, caught in the village quagmire, the hero's sordid sexual adventures in youth, his escape to the city or his defeat by the town, which at last succeeds in rolling his personality flat.

It would be grossly unfair to mention this stereotype in a review of Brand Whitlock's J. Hardin & Son without warning the reader at once that this book is by no means a mere fulfillment of it. The distinguished author, who now suffers the handicap of being better known through his political career and his service as war minister and ambassador to Belgium than as novelist, has written a fine, sincere study of American character and social conditions in the last generation. It is only by accident that his material has been woven into a pattern now somewhat familiar—an accident which need mitigate the pleasure of no one interested in a thoughtful, sharp-edged narrative describing a people and a time obviously known well, and loved, by the author.

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Paul Hardin, hero of the story, is the son of Joshua Hardin, carriage maker in Macochee, a small town in Ohio. The strict, harsh father is a fanatical prohibitionist who lives to see the cause triumph, after many bitter years, at about the same time that trust competition destroys the business to which he has devoted his life. Paul, from a sensitive, dreamy boy, grows up to become, somewhat unexpectedly, a local financial genius, whose investments do so well that when we leave him in middle age, he is far on the road toward being the town's richest man. The author's main concern, however, is with Paul's psychological history, and especially his various love affairs—his frustrated flirtation with the overripe Julia Eden, the sordid relation with the country prostitute, Matilda Briggs, the unhappy marriage with anaesthetic Winona Dyer, and at last, his grand passion for Evelyn Laurie, who is the best-drawn character in the book, and one with a high quality of wistful charm.

Recognizing the failure of his marriage, Paul comes at last to the brink of an elopement with Evelyn, an elopement which, while it would leave his financial position secure, would of course terminate his career as a prominent citizen of Macochee. But the tides of his nature have set too long toward respectability and a "career;" and despite his love, he says farewell to Evelyn and continues on his career as dull bank president and apathetic spouse. His renunciation, however much the romantic reader may deplore it, is sound psychology, and comes as the fitting climax to this penetrating, able study of small town life and what it can do to one.

B. B.

Old Tales for New

NO year's output of books for children would be complete without some of those stories which have been knighted by the ages. Were the child expected to exist on current works alone, many of the doors through which the children of other generations have passed into romance would remain closed to him. The literature of no one generation is sufficient unto itself; nor is it fitting that he should glimpse only the worlds immediately around him.

There is a shining novelty about such worlds, perhaps, but too often, when the glint of newness has gone, their only claim to worth has likewise vanished. And the child has a right to more than glittering baubles in books and cheap flights of mediocre imaginations. Because of the very fact that the child eagerly opens all doors at hand in his quest for adventure and romance, it is a necessity that only the realms of truth or beauty lie behind every door within his reach.

It is in deference both to the child's right to his heritage and to his desire for things new and stirring that the publishers are bringing to him the old favorites clad in unfamiliar garbs of artist's fancy. It is no mean achievement to place before the child of today the stories which, first told to the Peter Pans of ages past, have an enduring inner beauty, existing now in a physical form equal to that of any modern.

This type of service is evidenced in the series The Children's Classics* which Macmillan has just inaugurated and in the single volumes Doran has had "Illustrated by Famous Artists."† The books in the Children's Classics are printed on good paper, with attractive illustrations, and in a form easy for the child to handle. Even more lovely are the single volumes which Doran publishes, though it must be remembered that the illustrations are suitable for older children, rather than for the little ones.

Truly, these editions of the old favorites are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and to have produced them for the children of today and of tomorrow is noteworthy.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

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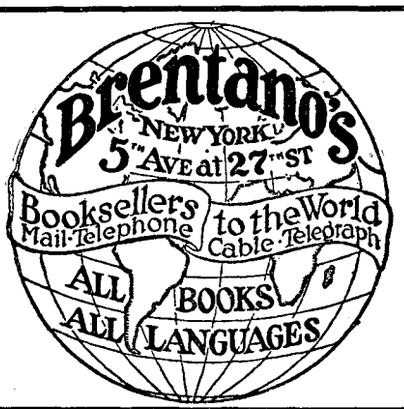

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